The War Cry
The All Round the World
The Salvation Army
The Army Chariot Rolls
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WINNIPEG.

Thermometer 30° below—Salvation Boiling Over.

THIRTY below zero is tolerably chilly, and to get up at half-past six on a Sunday morning when it is the usual practice to lie a-bed till at least eight o'clock, is considerable cross to us Winnepeggans. Well, Sunday last over 100 took up that cross and turned out to the Hallelujah Breakfast. D. O. Young is as hot as ever at a H. B., off goes his coat, up goes his arms and at full swing he starts one of the S. A. songs. Then fires a volley as an eye-opener, now another, and the cobwebs are out of both eyes. And then some prayer, then testimonies, more prayer, and a gloriously blessed season is spent. Hallelujah! Everybody seemed to be on the "qui vive" this morning, what was going to happen, something surely. East train 3 hours late. Holiness meeting passed in the usual manner, Jesus present with FULL SALVATION for sixty. Tobacco is getting a terrible blow in these Holiness meetings. Nothing to do, here it goes, and down went the whole business, a piece of smoking, a chunk of chewing tobacco and the pipe, in dead earnest. Hallelujah! Something did happen, for the late train brought the new officers Capt. Jim Dawson and four Cadets. They all took their places in the march out at 3.30. Listen to that "Ye that are at ease in Zion" a long tedious three days journey, little sleep, poor refreshments, arrive at 1.30 and ready for a "big time" in an hour; and a big time it was. Everybody seemed to know that the new officers had arrived and everybody wanted to see them. Here they are, fire a volley, and such a volley. Satan must have had a terrible premonition of danger, words fail to describe the scene as the converts, big and little, drum, fife and cornet plays the new arrival. The old guard, with Capt. Hackett at their head, take their places, facing an audience that packed the hall to almost suffocation. Then, D. O. Young, with his concertina—off he goes—sing No. 14; can't describe it; worth $200 said an excited individual. He was right, and wrong, it was worth more than any monetary value. Solos, duets, quartette, choruses, singing Jesus and His Salvation right into the people's souls. At the night meeting the same, only more so. POWER, POWER, POWER. Hallelujah! Oh, how gloriously happy some poor sinners were made; one said God would have to make him bigger if He was to make him any happier. FULL, FULL, FULL of Jesus.

Eternity alone will reveal the work that is being done here; it cannot be estimated. Not a day is passed that one does not hear of conversions, by the bedside, on the train, everywhere. Said a prominent gentleman the other day to the writer. "I believe the Salvation Army are doing a certain work in a certain way not to be accomplished in any other way or by any other means," and he is right. The officers are now occupying their new quarters and are very comfortable. God bless them.

Hallelujah Scribe.

Main Street, Winnipeg. A Sunday March, 30 below.

INCIDENTS IN A BEGGAR'S LIFE

"What is your rank in the Army, may I ask?" inquired a gentleman from whom I had been for half-an-hour soliciting help for the Training Homes.

"A beggar," I replied. "Some call me a pickpocket because I try to get all I can out of everyone's pocket.' Let me tell you some of my adventures whilst 'on the tramp.'

It is a frightfully hot day, so hot that the pavements under my feet seem hotter than the sun above my head as I stand outside a large mansion.

"Is Mrs.—at home?" I asked of the butler who opens the door and lets me inside—three tall footmen waiting to see the visitor upstairs.

"Yes, Mrs.—is at home, but what do you want?" with barely concealed surprise and disdain as he eyes my uniform from top to bottom.

"Kindly take my card to your mistress, and say I want to see her on private business."

"Well, I don't know that she can see you, she is just going out;" a carriage and pair is waiting at the door; "you had better call again."

"No, take my card now, and say I will not detain her long." Reluctantly he lets me in, and shows me into a small waiting room, into which after leaving me a few moments he again appears still holding my card.

"I really think," he says, "it's no use; Mrs. is so busy."

"Never mind." I say, "take it and ask her;" (I long ago found out it is no use being baffled by the servants), so he again withdraws, and in a few moments her ladyship appears.

When I have made my errand known the reply comes. So many calls, so many who need help on every side. She has already given all she can afford for that year. (I thought of the footmen outside, one of whom disposed with would mean a handsome yearly subscription!) It is not that she wishes to say anything against the Army. On the contrary, she thinks that they are doing much good, but not in her way, therefore I must excuse her. I still plead, if not for the Army's sake would she not for the sake of the masses of humanity whom the Army was reaching? No, I must really excuse her, she is already giving more than she can afford, etc., etc. Slowly and sadly I leave the house, with these words running in my mind, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of Heaven!"

Again! Searching vainly for an obscure address I had taken out of our subscribers' list, a friendly chemist directs me, and I find myself down a decidedly back alum. Crowds of ragged children scream and shout "Salvation Army" as they see me approach, and I begin to think I must have lost my way.

"Does Mr. —— live here?" I ask of an hostler. A nod and a jerk with his finger over his shoulder, is the only response, but I go up and knock at the door indicated.

"Yes, upstairs, top of the house," was the answer of a little girl at the door.

So upstairs I go, grasping my bag and wondering if I shall be robbed at the top of the rickety staircase. However, when the top is reached, I hear myself greeted by a pleasant "Well, sister," and looking up, see a nice-looking woman, who answers the name I am seeking.

Yes, it was them. They had saved and collected the money I had seen down in the subscriptlist, and would be glad to do the same again.

Her brother was in the room, and my heart rose with wonder and gratitude as I heard her settle, in a quiet business-like way, with him how money enough to half train one cadet in the Homes could be collected.

"I will give 10 cents a week," he says, "and you will give me 10 cents, and father and mother will give me 10 cents, and there's Tom will do something, and I must collect the rest in coppers. Oh yes!"

"Yes," I answer, "begging from her, and asking her to collect."

"Hallelujah!" is the reply, "Anything for Jesus." And as I walked away, the words "God hath chosen the poor of this world," came to my mind, and I locked up and thanked Him.

PUSH THE "WAR CRY."

SCENES IN THE FIGHT FROM VARIOUS PARTS OF THE FIELD.

BY THE COMMISSIONER.

Hamilton and Kingston Anniversaries—Skirmishes Councils and Conventions at Guelph, Galt, Berlin, and Bowmanville.

"God is in the midst of her."

WE were soon on the WAR PATH again this time to see our comrades of the old ORIGINAL NO. 10 at Hamilton. We found Capt. Gilroy all amongst the sandwiches, etc., doing her utmost, assisted by her brave comrades, to make everybody comfortable. In the afternoon we met the officers of the division in Council, and a real time of power was enjoyed. Our hearts were filled with a great desire to push on the War, and much blessing descended upon us. The banquet was a regular treat, and everything

WORKED LIKE A CLOCK,

and after all had eaten and were filled, several baskets-full were left, showing how kind our friends are in this city.

The attraction for the night was a big wedding but we were doomed to disappointment; but in spite of this we had a grand and powerful time after all, and the crowd, although disappointed, were very happy and seemed to enjoy things very much indeed. We had to leave before the close of the meeting, but we doubt not that it finished well, as did also the all-night of prayer.

We were booked for Kingston next day, and arrived in good time for the officers' Council. It is sometime since we had such a

MELLOW MEETING,

great power resting upon us, and bathed in tears, we renewed our vows; and from that meeting we are expecting big results.

The anniversary banquet was immense, and the night meeting, although not crowded, was good. One poor Greek man sought salvation and a poor drunkard got saved, which made our hearts rejoice. Of the wedding at Riverside and the Soldiers' meeting at old Richmond street others will write; one thing, however, is certain that all round a mighty wave of saving power is rolling on and the burning desire of our soul is that we may take advantage of it and gather in the crowds, making them into

REAL SOLDIERS

so that they can in time help us fight and win for God.

Off again! Oh! what times we are having. Saturday we made tracks for Guelph, and after a quick long ride on the cars, soon found ourselves at the Officers' quarters. Captain here is not up to housework. Where's the bread? The bottom is nearly burnt out of the kettle; the sugar is missing; and turns up in the back room.

OH! MY! WHAT A FIX!

Never mind, we enjoyed ourselves, and learned a lesson of patience again, besides being more than ever convinced of the need there is of something being done to teach our Cadets just how to doit. We had a grand march indeed, and our open-air bombardment was of a most blessed character. Sinners stood and listened spell bound as the words of truth went forth, and we were not at all surprised to see the

LARGE BARRACKS FILLED

for the Salvation Jubilee and all had a jolly hallelujah time, and our hearts were bursting with Salvation joy. Oh! how we rejoiced together and sang and testified, no wonder one poor drunk got saved, the greatest wonder was that more did not come. Thank God, He could come and stand and sing with me at the finish.

"The burden of my heart rolled away."

We had a splendid time again on Sunday morning, some souls were filled to overflow as the dear Soldiers told of the power of God to sanctify.

We had a long drive behind the Salvation War-horse in a terrible storm, and arrived at Berlin

VERY WET, VERY HUNGRY,

BUT VERY HAPPY.

What a peculiar barracks! not large, up two flights of stairs, a shoe factory underneath, and a butter factory, on one side they "Stove," the tobacco, and on the other make the cigars, whilst underneath all is a hardware and feed store. But small and peculiar though it may be, the strangest in its surroundings I have yet seen in Canada, in it God has some jewels plodding on and winning souls if only one by one.

We were more than grieved that no one came out for God, but rejoiced to know that in this place there is a small corps of some twenty good and faithful soldiers. As I left the next morning, I could not help but praise God for past victories, with a bright hope in my heart for grander conquests in the future. We spent a few hours at Headquarters on Monday morning and then away to an officers' council at Galt, and there enjoyed a time of

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT

long to be remembered, and at night we had a meeting amongst the best I remember here. The prayer meeting was good, in fact splendid in a better description. I stayed till 10-30, then had to hurry away comforted, during my fifteen miles drive through the night to catch a train for my next appointment, with the assurance that some grand victories would be the result of the meeting, whilst the council would have a blessed effect upon the officers and the work in the Woodstock Division.

Next day we are on the old battle ground at Bowmanville, a terrible storm without with sweet peace within. Our officers' meeting in the afternoon must tell. It seemed as though the very

MANTLE OF GOD

had fallen upon us and its influence melted all; surely some fruit for eternity will be the result, and the villages and district around will feel the throbbings of this wave. We had a mighty Holiness meeting in the barracks, a spiritual treat indeed to all, and as we commissioned the bandsmen and the officers spoke, power fell upon us, and

A CROWD SOUGHT FULL SALVATION.

A mighty work was done, ears were unstopped, tongues were loosened, and the lame walked. It was a sight to make the angels rejoice as well as ourselves. God is for us, the revival flame is coming, the waters are rolling; we shall win, shall you be a winner? We shall see.

Yours on the winning side,
COMMISSIONER.

A false Charity begins in self, and ends on earth. Here is a mark for you to distinguish between it and God's Charity: The devil's Charity always contemplates the earthly part of man in a superior degree to the spiritual part; and here it exactly crosses and contradicts the Divine Charity, and always contemplates man in the entirity of his being, and always gives the first importance to the soul.

Sin should be the more awful to you because you see it in those so dear, in those for whom you are responsible. If you have any reason to suspect your child of insincerity or falsehood, do not rest until you have bottomed the matter; never mind what trouble or pain it involves.

Purity in their hearts is the very central idea, and end, and purpose of the gospel of Jesus Christ; if it is not so, I give up the whole question—I am utterly deceived.

SALVATION DUET.

Grand Tour of the Minstrel & Professor.

In aid of the "Training Home," "Rescue Work," and "Home of Rest."

Magnificent Gatherings, and Splendid Victories.

WE ARE still on the move. We have now been on our tour a month, and have been through Western Ontario corps, to the number of twenty, have been to forty indoor meetings, about thirty marches, most of them have had blessed open-air meetings as well. Truly my comrades in this great spiritual war, we must allow that the outdoor service is the place where we have often received the greatest spiritual blessing, and I would give my great enjoyment could we convey a similar blessing to you who read our report. We cannot detail our visits to each corps, but must express satisfaction at the state of our corps and work in this part of the Dominion as being greatly improved since our last visit. Having many difficulties to encounter, one of which is the imitations of the Salvation Army which have been promulgated in this part, and have as quickly vanished leaving us in many instances, a deplorable amount of unpleasantness and disgrace to live down and prejudice to overcome, but thank God we are having the victory all along the line, over the world, the flesh, and the devil, the world is compelled to acknowledge the power of God in salvation, the flesh is being overcome in the exercises and marches, and the devil is raging in consequence of losing ground,

GLORY TO GOD!

Glad to inform our readers that we have a pretty little barracks at

WATERDOWN,

our first call after saying good-bye to Toronto, for awhile the barracks was not very full, but we had a nice time, and God blessed us; after a run round in the morning following, we formed a sleighing party and proceeded to

DUNDAS.

Capt. Soper accompanied us with her band of faithful few, and soon with them after a pleasant profitable journey we reached our worthy comrade, Capt. Freer and his dear wife and little soldier, and as in most on these raiding sorties, we soon let the people know we were come. The open-air march went with a swing, forty strong! I should think, singing and shouting to the glory of God. Inside new hall, well filled, and a grand meeting. On, on, on and no surrender and

PARIS

is soon in view. A run on the bus and a turn round the corner and Capt. Worry shows a face we saw represented in our beloved War Cry a few weeks since, we stop at a Welshman's house, and after regaling myself and the Professor we were infused with the Spirit a little, got a little excited and sang a Welsh chorus which bellows the dear Lord gives us for our own special blessing, by the way the words of which were

Oh the Saviour is living in my heart;
He has bid every sin and fear depart,
It is now all His own,
For His sits upon the throne,
In full possession of my heart.

In the meetings we had enthusiastic audiences, grand time, glorious meeting altogether, for our first visit, we hope not the last.

WOODSTOCK

next, where we had an interview with Major Moblay, and we felt grieved to see the dear Major suffering for so long a time, but pray that he may soon recruit. We were glad to have Major and Mrs. Mobley's presence in the meeting, they helped us materially. The barracks was filled, altogether we had a most blessed time, and a grand response on behalf of our "Home of Rest" in a gentleman of the town giving a splendid donation, in fact, it is very gratifying to think that the appeal on behalf of this object is likely to receive a generous response all over, and God is sure to bless an object which has to do with the benefit of those which have been the means in His hands in so many instances of blessing souls. From Woodstock and Capt. Langley we push on to

INGERSOLL,

where we spent a nice time with Capt. Blackburn, and his hallelujah lassie. Having only been there a week, of course he had not yet many souls, but keep believing, we push on to

CHATHAM,

where Capt. Owens met us and was quite ready for a smash into the devil's kingdom, the marches were glorious, the inside meetings packed, and very blessed in the divine power, especially were there blessed souls, several sought and professed to find salvation. We reached

WINDSOR,

on Monday, Jan. 10th, where we remained a week, as has already been reported in the War Cry. God helped us in a marvellous manner in stirring the town, and gave us a remarkable blessing in our own souls, and being reinforced by the Military Secretary on Sunday, we gave the devil a little to the fact. Ramparts were taken, and four of his victims escaped. We drove on the Monday to

TILBURY CENTRE,

where we had a grand time, the Military Secretary led the meeting, and a barracks was filled with an enthusiastic throng of Army friends and sympathizers, and a platform full of soldiers from the centre and the circumference to have a good time, which the dear Lord gave us in abundance. Prospects on next day to the ancient town of

AMHERSTBURG,

which I learned was one of the oldest settlements in the Dominion, and though the Captain was numerously away at a War Council, still it was a brilliant success. It was cold to the outer man in the open-air but inside had a lovely time, the barracks was well filled, and it seemed as if the lost reds present were drinking to the hearts content salvation emptied which sometimes, and very often is forerunner and often a foretaste of the enjoyment of salvation. Marching on we reach

KINGSVILLE,

in a war chariot, and in every respect this was as grand and as good a justification as any yet, glory to God! The barracks was densely packed, and we regret that some of our comrades from Colchester, were disappointed in not being in the meeting, though they had drive on purpose to do so, God bless them as He blessed many if not all those who went in, we hope they will get in the great jubilee of the marriage supper of the Lamb. With the exception that the barracks was overcrowded, the meeting was a most enjoyable one altogether, and we are believing for great results. We must make haste to get next, which is dear old

LEAMINGTON,

where the devil after all does not get so much of his own way as he once thought he would, our God shall have the nations bye and bye, and Leamington will be amongst His conquered possessions, glory to God! We had a nice hall full, and everybody we spoke to seem to think that the devil had a whacking. Off we go, and arrive warm in hearts but with cold feet, after a drive of twenty miles, but to have another grand time at

TILBURY CENTRE.

Anovation indeed, it was of salvation and joy. This is not a very large town but our visit was a grand success, no doubt the Home of Rest will be the better of such a turn out. The skating rink was so filled that many would not venture in for fear of its falling through. It being in an upper story. Glory be God! such meetings prove the fact that our work finds a place in people's hearts, for Capt. Ore assured us that a grand change had taken place in the town, since the S. A. arrived, according to general testimony reluctantly from such a place, we must depart and trust God will bless them for their zeal and energy and labor of love, and travel for

RIDGETOWN

for Saturday and Sunday And here we are glad to report the same blessed success, crowded barracks and happy audiences. Along our tour, oh! how many weeping eyes and anxious faces we have witnessed; dear comrades pray for us and for those we address; myself and comrades often regret that more souls are not saved in the meetings; we thank God for what there are, and hope others reap where we have sown, though we know God for the many we have seen come to God. I am glad to state that the officers, soldiers and friends have simply vied with each other in behalf of our new Home of Rest—Home of Refuge and Training Home. I am rather of opinion that they have been trying which could do the best for the homes right through Western Ontario, and if all over the Dominion such a response is given it will be the most gratifying; we are anxiously looking forward to the balance of the tour to see who takes the palm. Hitherto Tilbury Centre heads the list financially and Listowell spiritually, where we had nine souls for Jesus. More about Listowell in our next. God bless you all. Amen.

Yours, fighting,
T. G., Welsh Minstrel.

A FEW WORDS
To my Fellow Auxiliaries.

DEAR FRIENDS,

We are auxiliaries of the Salvation Army. Let us begin by saying, "I hope we are also Christians." I do not mean Christians of a miserable half-and-half kind, but Christians whose soul has been brought into rest and peace in the presence of God; all our sins blotted out, judgment past, our souls justified and eternal life and salvation grasped as our present possession by faith in the person and work of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Now, with these as our starting point, let me ask, what are we doing to be true to our name of "Auxiliaries"? An auxiliary means a helper, an assistant. How are we helping the Army? I do not mean by merely giving them money. I hope we all do that as we can; but let me try and remind you of some of the ingenuities of love.

Do you believe in the power of prayer. If so are you most careful never to omit your "12:30"? Is it not a privilege to pray with all those good soldiers of Jesus Christ for a few minutes at noon in the midst of all the bustle of the day, and commend each other and all our cares and sorrows to our heavenly Father?

Have you a spare bed-room in your house? Write plain in red on a slip of paper the letters "O. Q." which means "Officers' Quarters," paste the paper on the bed-room door, kneel down, and dedicate the room to the Lord as a part of the Army barracks, and write to the Commissioner and ask if, as a great favour, he will send down one of his tired field-officers for a week's rest; and see if you will not prove the blessed truth of these words, "And the ark of the Lord continued in the house of Obed-edom the Gittite three months, and the Lord blessed Obed-edom and all his household." The other day an officer came to us, as we arose from prayer, she quietly knelt down at her chair, and as we quietly left the room. The next night I said:—

"Captain, do you always kneel down after dinner?"

"Oh yes," she said, "it is the rule of the Army."

"Will you please pray aloud to-night?"

"Willingly," answered she, and then she sweetly and simply commended us all to God.

The third night our spirits burned within us, and we had a glorious little prayer meeting around the dinner-table; and don't you think we had a happy evening together after such a beginning?

And when the officer "farewells" from your house, and goes back to her hard and trying work, do remember the good example set in Acts xxviii; 10, and don't let "barbarous people" put you to shame in the matter, of laying up things that are necessary.

Are you going to take a house on the island, or some health resort this coming summer. Let me hint that you get an extra bedroom and invite down one of your young workers at Headquarters. Think of the influence of his work to mind and body. Let him sit on the shore, or row on the lake, or climb the meads, and see if new life and vigour will not soon come back to him.

Is your garden a mass of bloom in the summer? You may then have the joy of supplying your Captain with bouquets that will win an entry for her into many a house, the door of which would else be shut in her face.

Have you a vinery? Then see that your choicest bunches of grapes go with her to cheer the sick she visits. Or are you proud of your shrubbery? Give her a bit of Army ribbon round the leg of your next brooding hen, and devote all her progeny for soup for the cavalecents in the Home of Rest. They will bless you for it, and doubtless the chickens themselves will be proud of their destiny.

Perhaps you have a meadow or lawn or tennis ground. Light it up with paper lanterns and ask the corps to hold some special services there. If fifty souls come out for mercy at the drumhead, will you mind the grass being trampled. Do you know some old or sickly sergeant that is always on the door? Put on you oldest coat and shabbiest hat next Sunday and volunteer to take his place whilst he has a day's rest.

Three hours at the door, or a nine mile march out and home to the little outpost, gives you a new experience for you; and though you may get home covered with mud and bruises, or with your coat slit across the back, you will be well repaid by finding your heart bursting with real sympathy for the soldiers, and a longing for perishing souls.

If you have never been over to the Training Homes at the Temple or Yorkville go at once, and then ask the Commissioner to let you have a Cadet for "your very own" as the children say. You will pray for, and pay for him or her, and when they go into the field you will be their special "Auxiliary" whenever they need one, and all this joy and happiness can be had for a trifling sum.

But I must stop. I have tried to show you some of the sources of joy that may be opened up by an earnest, hearty, active personal care of and sympathy with these blessed servants of God, who are verily Christ's messengers to the devil's outcast, and God's last effort to save a lost world. "I have showed you all things," how that so laboring, ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

C. E. G.

Anything is preferable to sin covered up, and consequently encouraged. Resolve that you will make your child truthful and sincere, if you can do it no other way, from very despair of hiding anything from you. God acts on this principle with adults; why should not we with our children? "He sure your sins will find you out."

SATISFIED.

SATISFIED—a word that speaks volumes to every class of people. How often we hear someone say, "If I only get this or that I shall be satisfied." The thing desired is often obtained, but is the pleasure any more satisfied than they were before? After the first feelings of joy or pleasure are worn off, the same person is found wanting something else, to make them satisfied, as they think. Doesn't it all go to show that out of Christ none are or can be satisfied? Watch the eager faces of the crowds passing us by on a holiday, each bent on getting satisfaction. Watch the same faces after the day is over, and do they show in most cases that they have got what they were seeking? Every human heart has this natural desire for satisfaction, and everyone in his or her way are trying to get it. But, alas! the vast multitudes are seeking it from a source where it can never be found. See that weary, worn-out-looking mother, whose life has been one long sacrifice to her home ties. She has had a hard life, all the harder because the One who "bore our sorrows and carried our griefs" has not yet been her friend. Her heart is weighed down with a feeling of our infirmities," and who has been knocking at her heart many a long year, has not been allowed to carry the burden, although "Come unto Me and I will give you rest" has rung many a time in her ears. Yet to her wearied spirit it has not sounded as a sweet note of deliverance.

It has not been a reality that Jesus indeed carries our sorrows and anxieties, and gives rest unto our souls. Look at that old man whose span of years has nearly run out. He has worked hard, and now in the evening of life he is trying to satisfy himself with the thought that he has done his duty to his family and those around as he trod the path of life; but a strange feeling he would fain shake off springs constantly up, telling him that all things are passing, and that slowly, but surely, he is going too. He knows he is not so strong, his hand not so steady, his memory not so clear, and yet he does not turn to Him who is a "satisfying portion," to Him who, in spite of the years he has turned his back upon, is still saying, "My son, give Me thy heart." To Him who would "guide him in safety through the valley of the shadow of death," to Him who says, "I will never leave thee nor forsake the." See that young woman in the spring of her life, full of health, vigour, and God-given talents; see her spending the precious moments in search of self-satisfaction; as soon as one amusement is over, all eager looking for the next, and after it all, still seeking to be satisfied; ever seeking and never realizing; time, talents, money, health, strength, all being used up in the seeking.

Again that youngman, who thinks he has the world before him, and intends to have a good time while he can; he seeks satisfaction in a hundred different ways, and yet he is more miserable than the others. No, dear sisters and brothers, there is no satisfaction out of Christ, be you young or old, rich or poor, in health or sickness. God has implanted in our hearts a want, and also a satisfaction that was, which is to be found in Christ and Christ alone.

Why go from year to year seeking that for which your whole nature is craving in every direction but the right one? Nothing but your own will keeps you away from Jesus. His part was done long, long ago, no more remains to be done; but as long as you hang back, waiting perhaps for a feeling or some more convenient season, you can never be saved; for although Christ and Him alone is our salvation, yet the accepting part lies with us alone. He will not do our part; that lies with us. Oh, as some one reads this, may God's spirit enter their heart, and lead them to exclaim with their whole soul, "My Jesus, I will struggle no more with the things of the world; but take Thee at Thy word, and believe that in Thee my poor weary, doubting heart shall find its rest." Come to Jesus, whoever you are, and you will find with us that He is a "satisfying portion," one who will satisfy us in life, and when earthly friends fail us will satisfy in death.

CADET.

TO CANDIDATES.

We are short of nothing but men. There never were so many Cadets in training, nevertheless, we want men; or, rather, it is God that wants them. Where are they? Not the people who drift into the Training House because they get into the current and float along in a helpless fashion, who say it is God's will they should come in, and then the first difficulty that comes they say it is God's will they should back out. No! no! We want men with brains, and energy, and determination, and force of character. Never has there been the chance that is now before us. Leave your business, and your courting, and your pleasure, and let us take possession of this world for Christ. My heart says, "Oh, my God! send us men!" What does your heart say? The opportunity of the ages has come to us, and here we are deadlocked for men. The time is short and the end of all things is at hand.

More "War Cry."

BY THE GLORY COBBLER.

WHAT goes to people who are sad,
Cheers up their hearts and makes them glad,
Dispels at once the spirit bad?
The "War Cry."

What causes man a soul to see
The way to perfect liberty.
From all sin's bondage to be free?
The "War Cry."

What is sent forth to every Corps,
Unites the Soldiers more and more,
Inspires them in this glorious war?
The "War Cry."

What travels o'er the world so fast,
Records the victories of the past,
Tells of the work that's going to last?
The "War Cry."

What is a paper, Blood-and-Fire!
That cares naught for the devil's ire,
And says, "The Army's rising higher"?
The "War Cry."

What goes the nations to unite
In bonds of brotherhood to fight
Against the wrong and for the right?
The "War Cry."

SCRAPS.

Both under the old and new dispensations, the Lord has, in the most emphatic and solemn manner, laid the obligation on parents to train their children for Him. He commands it, to whom both parents and children exclusively belong.

Do you contemplate the dying, fanatical half damned souls of your fellow-men? Do you look abroad on the face of the world, and the state of the Church?

There is a condition involved in your advance, if, after conversion, the Holy Spirit reveals to you something which is inconsistent—which you did not before see—the condition of your advance another step is the renunciation of that thing—the reception of the light, and consistence to it.

Are you willing to trample on self, and, taking hold of Omnipotence, to go in the power of His might, and do what you can? If so, His word to you is, "Fear not; be strong and of good courage."

Divine Charity is always revolving round that great problem of infinite love, "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

ALL ROUND.

We have received the intelligence of the death of Captain James Healey, master mariner of Spring Bay N. S., at the age of 66. He was saved and joined the Halifax Corps some two years ago, and though living away from his corps, he was a true soldier, true to his God and to the flag to the last. His last testimony was, "I am going to God to the better home."

A gushing young reporter of the "C.——World N. B.," is in sad trouble because certain Cadets have to rest says he, "the dear girls ought to temper zeal with common sense. They are killing themselves." We are afraid the poor dear young man is badly "killed" already, if we were sure he had any common sense left, we would recommend it in his own case. S. A. lasses are saved above, "gush"—Mr. World, we can only repeat their advice "Get saved."

A Methodist minister says "I enjoy the WAR CRY very much. It is the most deeply spiritual paper that I have seen."

At a Sing Song lately an old man of 70 years, sang a beautiful solo. We know lots of soldiers of eighteen that don't even try to sing.

The magistrate at Clifford the other day sent a meeting disturber to jail for twenty-one days. Intimating that he would severely deal with such offenders.

We heard a good testimony to the WAR CRY the other day. A lass speaking of her first acquaintance with the S. A. remarked, that she used to have "many a good *laugh* over the CRY." There is always something done when you get people smiling, a laugh will win the people's hearts, and once won they are the sooner broken.

Wool upon mutton when walking about, is a natural state of things. But when Mutton is dead to the world it should lose its furs as a matter of course. It's his *fur't* offence, and we hope he has mellow by this time for the benefit of "the family."

We know an Adjutant who had a very shabby uniform, but who was determined not to buy a yard of cloth whilst there was a man in his division that needed a coat as much as himself. He has a good coat to day, but he did not buy it. We recommend the above to all whom it may concern all round.

He that looketh after his brethren, will God not allow to lack.

A correspondent says "I look for my WAR CRY as regularly as I look for my dinner, in fact I don't enjoy my dinner without the paper in my hand."

A certain Toronto journal has become independent. That is all very well in some things, but we are sorry to say it appears to be independent of the truth at times, and what is more we are inclined to think, gets some telegrams independently of the wires. A recent one published in reference to the "Fight and never tire" episode at the marriage of La Marechale, we are afraid was concocted in the editorial room. Anyhow it was at the least a gross distortion of facts, and in spirit it was a lie.

WAR DISPATCHES.

MONCTON, N. B.

Georgetown opened, four souls. Opened fire on Montague Bridge. Victory.

D. O. Body.

The world perishes—lading for want of those hearts that know how to love, how to put themselves in the place of those who suffer, how to sympathize with those who are tempted and in despair, how to *sacrifice itself* to save the lost.

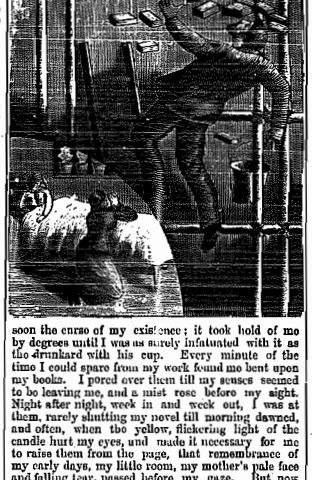
THE NOVEL READER.

A TERRIBLE LEAP.

I cannot remember the time when God, by His Spirit, did not strive with me. My very first remembrance is seeing my dear mother kneeling beside my bed at twilight, praying for her boy. She died when I was seven years old, and her pale face, with the falling tear, the last night when she knelt to pray with me, I shall never forget. Years afterwards, when grown a man, and when about to enter on paths of wickedness, that night has come back to my mind. My little room, with the twilight stealing in, and my mother's quivering lips and tearful face, as she raised it, praying for her boy, have come vividly before me, and hundreds of times have I by it been prevented from rushing into paths of vice from which I might never have escaped; I was thus kept from drink, gambling, and debauchery, which my headstrong, passionate nature would have plunged me into.

But I had never sought the saving power of God. I lived indifferent and careless of religion, although the great truth had been stamped into my very heart by my early impressions. I know that Jesus could save, I knew that I could become a child of God if I would seek Him. It was not ignorant of His ways, but I was content to live without Him; I preferred to swim with the stream of the world rather than go against it, and had it not been for the terrible accident that has crippled my body I doubt whether I should have ever sought His face.

At last I was snared in one of the devil's traps. I became an inveterate novel reader, and this was



soon the curse of my existence; it took hold of me by degrees until I was as surely infatuated with it as the drunkard with his cup. Every minute of the time I could spare from my work found me bent upon my books. I pored over them till my senses seemed to be leaving me, and a mist rose before my sight. Night after night, week in and week out, I was at them, rarely shutting my novel till morning dawned, and often, when the yellow, flickering light of the candle hurt my eyes, and made it necessary for me to raise them from the page, that remembrance of my early days, my little room, my mother's pale face and falling tear, passed before my gaze. But now alas this was ineffectual, and though at such times I frequently resolved to give up my books, I did not make any great effort, and therefore remained under their thraldom.

I was married, and until I took to novel reading my wife and I had been very happy, but after that she had very little of my society. At length she drooped and died, and then I promised God never to touch a novel again, but I did not seek His salvation, and in a few weeks I was back to my books as bad as ever. I married again, and my second wife and several of my children sickened and died, and over the dead body of each I made the solemn promise to God to give up my novel reading. But I did not seek the Saviour, and my vows were all broken in a week or so.

My novels drew me like a load-stone draws a needle, until I was overtaken with the dreadful accident which I am about to relate.

I was a plasterer by trade, and was working on some buildings in the H——Road. One day, while myself and another man were on the scaffold finishing the cornice of a house, the outer wall suddenly bulged out and fell with a terrific crash. It did not fall upon me, because I saw it coming and I sprang back, on the impulse of the moment, and cleared the scaffold, and the poles, and the planks beneath, and came to the ground in a sitting position, having jumped backwards the height of the house. My workmate was buried in the rubbish and picked up dead, smashed almost to pieces.

I was terribly injured by my leap; my spine was fractured, my bones all jerked together, my teeth jumbled in my head, so that everyone had to be taken out, my throat was cut, as if someone had used a knife across it, and after many months in the hospital, I came out a helpless cripple for life. Oh, how I remembered my broken vows, while lying on that hospital bed. How many times, in my delirium, I saw my mother kneeling by my bedside. How I cursed my infatuation for novel reading, for I fully believed that it was for this I was brought to account. I thought God had forsaken me, that this affliction was the outcome of His wrath and fierce anger, and that it was only my mother's prayers that had prevented me being hurled, without a moment's warning, into eternity.

I shut myself up, believing myself an outcast both from God and man. Then I learnt to make shoes, and for five or six years I scarcely ever went out of the house, and only the daughter who was left me, and those who came in the way of business, ever saw me. I shut myself away from everybody. I believe one of the most wretched and sorrowful beings on the face of God's earth. I felt my deformity severely, and for five or six years was scarcely seen outside my own house. I did not go to a place of worship for twenty-four years, but sometimes I have passed one in my chair, and have stopped many a time to listen to the singing, thinking it like a heaven whose gates were shut against me.

I firmly believed God's spirit to have left me: joy and peace, happiness and religion, were not for me. As for my novels I never touched one after that dreadful accident; I detested them as the cause of all my sorrows, and so for twenty-five long years I remained a lonely unhappy cripple, wrapt in miserable reflections of the past, with the worm of remorse gnawing at my heart.

At last a new life opened to me. I was sitting in my house one day, when I heard the sound of singing coming up the street. It was a strange tune, but the words I know well, my mother had often sung them to me.

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

A wonderful power seemed to come with the words, and a bright hope shot through my heart as the singing drew nearer. It seemed as if a light from heaven was shining down upon my soul. How the voices rang out again and again the same verse. I could have cried for joy. I lifted up my voice to God, and said—

"Oh, my Father, hast Thou indeed mercy for me, even me?" My heart was melted, tears flowed from my eyes. All my years of desolation and sorrow seemed to be passing away, and bounding joy and happiness came into my soul.

Among the people who followed The Salvation Army that day was myself, in my hand carriage. With every word they spoke and every song they sung, more light and joy came to my soul. I did not want the meetings to come to an end, it was like being in heaven to be there. The consciousness of forgiveness through the blood of Jesus Christ, first dawned dimly, and then shone like morning sunshine into my heart.

Oh, I am happy now. I have no wish to change my lot. In my affliction I can see the merciful hand of God, who has punished me in my body because it was the only way of saving my soul, of preventing me going with my eyes open into hell. My mother's prayers are answered. My early remembrance of her, which has so often prevented me from going into deeds of infamy and shame, has never come before me since I have been saved. I seem to know that she is rejoicing now over the sheep that is found. Her Jim has turned to his mother's God.

Oh, now receive His grace,
Whose wrath you cannot bear
Fly to the sa[illegible]
And find Salvation there.

The Salvation Army Tramp's Soliloquy.

BY ABNER.

I wish I were a ship in shrouds,
And Sylvans shades reclining;
I wish my purse were like the clouds
And had a silver lining.

This world of sinners Lord receive,
And make it pure as honey;
Whatever else there is I give,
But let me keep my money.

Let others spend their shining gold,
Who have a soul above it;
But if the secret must be told,
That's just the thing I covet.

Of course I tell the folks that have,
If they don't give they'll rue it;
If in the happy vale they'd live,
They just have got to do it.

'Tis for their good this side the gulf,
By precepts keen to bleed them;
But woe is me I fear the wolf,
And therefore never heed them.

This novel sponge of mine is bent,
Whatever comes to seize it;
And yet it never gives a cent,
No matter how you squeeze it.

You see if I wore fortune's heir,
Why then I'd have the power;
But I have not a cent to spare,
No friends have I, or dower.

You cannot make a snowflake bleed,
Nor turn to gold a pebble;
And though it seems against my creed,
I listen to the devil.

If folks were easier in our day,
I'm sure no one would feel it;
T'would come in such a secret way,
No one could say you steal it.

And then you see the case juste sits,
Stark as a field of stubble;
If we could filch some perquisites,
Of course we could give double.

We could 'tis true, but there's the rub,
I hate to make and lose it;
And if 'twas known at the hub,
Perchance they might refuse it.

But what's the use of argument,
What they say, or what say I;
The gold is lying in my tent,
That lost the seige of Ai.

What then when comes the testing time,
What if the lots reveal it;
What if I share the fate of him,
That ventured to conceal it.

PRESENTATION OF NEW COLORS

To the old No. 1. Corps in the Richmond Street Barracks.

Wonderful Torchlight Procession—A real Red Letter time—Soul stirring testimonies—"Glory Jim" as the king—The Commissioner fired up—English, Scotch, and Irish singing. —The Army Flag—Final.

For two weeks previous, large posters might have been seen on the walls of the various barracks in the city, announcing a grand time in connection with the presentation of New Colors, to the veterans of Richmond Street Corps; and everybody was looking forward for a mighty time.

At last the day arrived, and at five o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, Feb. 16th, the long tables were crowded with a collection of good things in the shape of bread, cakes, tarts, pies, &c. Quite a goodly number of soldiers and outsiders, gathered round these tables and did ample justice to them, being kindly looked after, and waited upon by some of the female soldiers of that corps. After the bodily wants had been supplied, tables were cleared away, and the place was put in shape for the great

SPIRITUAL TREAT,

which followed. While this was going on, the soldiers of all the surrounding corps, turned out for a monstrous torch-light procession, headed by the united bands of the Temple and Richmond Street Corps, and it was a sight not to be forgotten. People on the side-walks stood with mouths wide open, and listened to the beautiful salvation music as it was blown through the instruments from Salvation-washed bandsmen. It was a most thrilling march, and great impression was made.

On arrival at the barracks, the Commissioner was waiting, and as soon as everybody had got well settled down, his shrill whistle announces the start, and "Happy on the Way," sings a solo; then Staff Capt. Morris leads off the meeting with No. 271, "Shout aloud Salvation boys." Now says the Commissioner, stand on your seats and sing it for a change, and up turn the soldiers on their seats and [illegible] a mighty wave [illegible] Then as the whole crowd of soldiers led by the Commissioner knelt singing "Now it comes o'er my soul like a wave" heaven came down and filled our souls.

After another song the Commissioner said, I want everybody to be as quiet as possible, and to enjoy yourselves as much as you can. Let the people hear what the soldiers have to say, and whatever you soldiers say, let it come from your hearts. Then your testimonies will go to the people's hearts. Never mind about your words coming out upside down. I remember once hearing a dear man give his testimony to this effect. "Once I could see, but now I'm blind." It was said backwards but the people understood it. A lady said to me not long ago, "Why is it I always feel your meetings are so different to any I attend my own church." Why, said the Commissioner, the simple reason is this "In the church it is mainly, reason to reason, and as a rule in our meetings its heart to heart, we let the stream of God's salvation gush out." Then he went on to say that the army was still marching on, in spite of stripes, imprisonments, opposition, and every other kind of difficulty. Here he spoke of a dear girl who had been injured in the streets of Montreal, having had a brick thrown at her which had damaged the skull. Then on going to the next station, some brute, not a man, hit her over the head in the same place, with a sabre, yet when she gave her testimony a few nights ago she said "Friends if I die, my soul is right with God." Thank God for such men and women who are ready to die for Jesus.

Captain Brooks then sang a solo "I live with Jesus all the time."

Now for some testimonies says the Commissioner, and up jumped a young man who said—Friends I thank God that I've got the victory over the devil, I've had a great calamity befallen me. A few days ago my dear sister died. She was in the bloom of youth, and was only sick a few days, being taken ill on Wednesday, and died on Sunday night. Just as she was dying the condition of people, raising their voices, lessening the number of working hours to eight or nine, and other things, but comrades this will not rectify things in the least. This will be of no use in the end. Nothing but the Salvation of Jesus can satisfy men's craving appetites. God puts this great honor upon you and me. At times I lay down and bury myself in the dust at the thought and feel my utter unworthiness for my position, yet God helps me in my weakness. When I was younger my friends wanted me to go in for the ministry, but no; God laid this great work on my heart. I was never cut out for a parson. God turned my heart round to the dying world. I saw people going to hell; it enflamed my soul, and the first night I got saved I went out in the street, stood under a lamp-post and began to tell the people what God had done for me. Oh, may God ever keep us at this sort of work.

Then the Commissioner took the Colors and, in presenting them to Captain Archibald, said, "In the name of God and of the General of the Army, I present you with these Colors. I charge you in His name to see to it that you are faithful to the doctrines these Colors preach, and lead your Soldiers to be the same. In God's name I present them to you.

Then addressing the Officers, he went on to say, "Beware of people who come to you with a flattering tongue, pat you on the back, and praise you up.

You may stand any amount of persecution and even bear to be pelted with stone and brick-bats, and yet be an utter failure in God's sight. Oh! my dear comrades, beware of those who flatter you, and speak well of you; its a bad sign! If you are to walk the

GOD-PATH

your feet will have to feel the thorns, your hearts will be pierced, and you will have to be content to spill your blood. Be true to your covenant with God. When people live as they have sowed they succeed, but if their vows are broken they fall. Oh! be faithful, you boys! May the peace of God rest upon you, and those in your charge. Turning to the Soldiers the Commissioner said, "My comrades, be true to these Colors, be true to your Officers, to myself, and to the General, and, above all, be true to God Almighty, and then in that last great day you shall hear Him say, 'Well done!'"

Then Staff-Captain Morris, Captain Archibald and his two Cadets, each spoke as to their determination to live and die under these Colors. With uplifted hands we all promised to be faithful to God, and after a little silent prayer the band struck up "Under the Army Flag, we'll fight our way to glory," and everybody went home with hearts full of joy and happiness, for the glorious time spent together with God.

J. R.

The Commissioner holding the colors in his hand said as follows:—I think if ever I had any pleasure in presenting colors to a corps, it is to this one. When the General was here as I was riding with him by this old barracks, I pointed to it and said—"That is the mother corps of the Army in Canada, but now she has a great many children bigger than herself; and thank God this corps is not only represented by the soldiers present here to-night, for away in the North-West, and in the Lower Provinces, there are hundreds where hearts thrill within them, when the old Richmond Street Barracks is mentioned. Oh! the wonderful times Captain's Wass and Hall used to have here. Then what mighty inroads our dear promoted Staff-Capt. Madden made on the devil's kingdom around this district. What we see and what we shall see is but a drop to the shower that is coming. Oh! what a mighty Re-union of blood-washed ones there will be in Heaven. Thousands will then bless the day that ever the Army came to Canada.

The people who have gone out from this Corps stand second to none as godly men and women, and this I can say of every Corps. I see it more and more every day I live, that the only chance for this half-damned, nay, I may say, three parts damned world is through the Salvation Army or something akin to it. There is a great talk now of bettering the condition of people, raising men's wages, lessening the number of working hours to eight or nine, and other things, but comrades this will not rectify things in the least. This will be of no use in the end. Nothing but the Salvation of Jesus can satisfy men's craving appetites. God puts this great honor upon you and me. At times I lay down and bury myself in the dust at the thought and feel my utter unworthiness for my position, yet God helps me in my weakness. When I was younger my friends wanted me to go in for the ministry, but no; God laid this great work on my heart. I was never cut out for a parson. God turned my heart round to the dying world. I saw people going to hell; it enflamed my soul, and the first night I got saved I went out in the street, stood under a lamp-post and began to tell the people what God had done for me. Oh, may God ever keep us at this sort of work.

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GOD-PATH

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J. R.

HOLINESS

Deliverance from Inbred Sin.

BEING out a few nights ago, visiting one of our Soldiers, the doctor came in who attends the patient I went to visit. After examining her and giving the directions necessary to the father and mother he said—"We must get at the cause, and remove it, and consequently the effect will be removed." I spiritulized it, and thought—"Yes, that's true bodily, and equally true spiritually. Make the tree good, and its fruit good." Thank God, there's no necessity for us to murmer and complain, and weep over our short-comings, our imperfections, and the little sins which mar our peace, and cause us endless trouble. There is no excuse for our grieving God one week and pleasing Him the next, since He has given His Son, who was manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil, not the effects—the outward fruits and actions, but the very core, the root, the source of all His works.

After my conversion, I felt a continual struggling and wrestling with inbred sin, which I abominably hated, and wanted to get rid of. Very often I felt it difficult to come up to God's requirements, and to continually keep His commandments. I began to read about the peace of God that passeth all uderstanding, and Paul's command to the Thessalonians, "Rejoice evermore," also John's epistle about our "joy being full," and the whole teaching of the Scripture, that I was to be filled, not with inbred sin, but with the spirit of Christ, the perfect love of God, and that was and could be my daily experience, independent of outward circumstances, trials, troubles, difficulties, discouragements, etc. The devil tempted me to think that I couldn't enjoy this blessed experience, that it was for the ministers and Salvation Army Officers (hundreds are tempted in the same way). I felt I was converted, but still these irritable, angry, unpleasant feelings tripped me, to a certain extent, and interrupted my peace and communion with God. I struggled hard to get rid of these sins—these spiritual Philistines, which lay dormant when everything went smooth and pleasant; but when circumstances outwardly were unpleasant and things sometimes went crooked and against me; when my friends crossed my path; when people said I was a fool and everything but a gentleman for joining The Salvation Army—this was the time this inward conflict would commence.

Sometimes I was the master of these feelings, and sometimes they for a short time mastered me, which caused pain and anxiety, as I was conscious I had grieved God. I would go to my bedroom and get a fresh supply of grace to keep these enemies down, or wrestle with Him for deliverance from all inbred sin.

My experience was like a pool of water clear, but containing a little mud in the bottom. When not disturbed it lies peaceably, but take a stick and stir the water, and so all rises to the top and the water is spoiled and unfit for use; but get the mud out and stir as much as you like the water is still fit for use, and is perfectly clean. Or may I compare it to an old illustration I'm indebted to some Officer of the Salvation Army for—"A Jack in the box." Jack keeps down very quiet, unperceived until the little spring is drawn back, when up jumps Jack in full vigor. Lots of people try to keep the old man with his deeds down, hid from the eye of others, but sometimes the spring of pride, jealousy, temper, or uncharitable feeling opens up the lid, and of course, cause a resurrection of the old man. We may try to hide him, but if he is locked up in the corner of your heart you need not try to hide him, for some time or other he will betray you and show you he is not dead.

When I was a boy and saw a spring of water in the garden, I tried to cover it up by putting sods and mud and stones on the top, contenting myself with the thought I had conquered it and was its master; but when I looked round me I beheld it spring up in another direction, so that all my efforts failed. I therefore gave the business up as a fruitless attempt. The only remedy was to dig down and see where the pipe is broken, get it mended or better still, get a new one in.

I was resolved on having this blessing at all costs, for I knew that Christ was indeed manifested to utterly destroy and abolish every sin—not in my neighbor's heart—but in my own. With joy unspeakable I hailed this new light into my soul. After reading books on the subject, as well as the Bible, and praying, I learned I was to obtain it by simple faith, and after laying all on the altar—body, soul, and spirit, time and talent—all I have and all I hope for. By simple, childlike faith I claimed the blessing, and thank God I perfectly enjoy it now.

Previous to obtaining it, I remember being molested in the streets by a young man who saw by my uniform that I was a Salvation Soldier. At the time I felt angry feelings towards him, which I knew were wrong. Some time after I had obtained the blessing, another young man insulted me in a similar manner, but instead of feeling anger toward him, I felt I loved him and would do anything in order to save him. I took this as a good evidence of being in possession of the blessing. I know how to rejoice evermore, and feel my joy is full. I am fully dedicated to God and His service. It's my highest delight to please God. I couldn't wish to be any happier. I don't long to get to Heaven. I could live down here until as old as Methuselah, and be contented, knowing I have the Kingdom of God in my heart, which is righteousness and joy in the Holy Ghost. My greatest ambition is to bring souls to Christ, and my walk and conversation should please Him. I'm able to say with all my heart—

> "Not for ease or worldly pleasure,
> Not for fame, my prayer shall be;
> Gladly will I toil and suffer,
> Only let me walk with Thee."

The reader of this article, if not enjoying this blessed experience, will, I trust, be led to give all up, and throw all preconceived notions and ideas to the wind, claim the blessing, and go in for saving the world.

HEART-SEARCHING.

I AM a soldier—but, say, is it true
I'm doing in all things as Jesus would do?
Am I so lowly, yet daring and brave?
Is my one object the lost ones to save?
Search me, my Saviour, now search every part,
Tell me the uttermost things of my heart,
Fain would I serve Thee, as Thou dost command,
All things shall perish, but Thy word shall stand.

Am I, when tempted, forbearing and meek?
Say, does the Master in each action speak?
Am I as loving and tender as He
Who left Heaven's glories to die on the tree?
Come like the lightning, illumine my soul,
See that 'tis freed from disease and made whole.
Fain would I serve Thee as Thou dost command,
All things shall perish, but Thy [illegible] shall stand.

Am I quite faithful, confiding in Thee,
Though foes assail me and helpers may flee?
Is all my courage sent down from above?
Is all my labor a labor of love?
If through the fires Thou shouldst call me to pass,
Should I be faithful and true to the last?
Fain would I serve Thee as Thou dost command.
All things shall perish, but Thy word shall stand.

Now on Thine altar myself I will lay,
Thine to be used till eternity's day.
Moment by moment to Thee I will cling,
Ready to bear or to do anything.
Henceforth my life shall but show forth Thy praise.
I will reflect Thee and copy Thy ways.
Fain would I serve Thee as Thou dost command.
All things shall perish, but Thy word shall stand.

H. F. B.

THE POWER OF APPETITE.

IT WAS a wet stormy night, Bro. M——— and myself were on our way home from C———, where we had been to a Jubilee, some young men drove by hooting and yelling, cutting and slashing the poor horse. I made the remark poor fellows I suppose they are drunk, Bro. M——— says, Captain I was a complete slave to drink, and he related an incident that occurred a short time before he got saved.

Pointing to a barnyard, he said I was on my way home from B———, where I had been on some business, I got pretty drunk and started for home late in the evening and fell asleep on the way. About twelve or one o'clock I awoke and found myself in that Barnyard, I got up and looked around but could not tell where I was, I began to shout and a man put his head out of a window in the farm-house and told me where I was and the way to O———. I got home safe, in the morning I was very sick with a bad headache and parched tongue, and oh such a craving for something to drink, it seemed that the demon had coiled himself around me so tightly I thought there was no deliverance for me. I took my dear wife by the hand whom I had promised to love, cherish and comfort, but was crushing and sending her to her grave broken hearted. And with tears in my eyes I repeated that often broken vow, I will not drink any more. But as soon as I would go up street and see the liquor in the store windows, and meet some of my old companions, that burning appetite would take hold of me and I could see the serpent as it were coiling himself around in the bottles, and I could see it as it were taking hold of my heart strings, and very soon I would be powerless and would be drunk again, only to bring more pain, sorrow, grief and woe to my wife and family, and hurry them to their graves. He finished by saying thank God I found deliverance at the bleeding feet of Jesus in the Salvation Army, where the dear Lord saved my soul, took away the craving appetite for both tobacco and drink, and to-night I am happy, my wife is happy, my family is happy, and my home where once was a hell upon earth, is now a little Heaven. Hallelujah!

Reader are you a slave to this devilish appetite, has the demon wrapped himself around you until you are bound hand and foot. You remember the first glass, and the second, and the third; and you remember when you could take a glass and leave it alone, just as you liked. You was master of it then, you had your foot on the neck of the enemy, you thought you were all right, you would not take advice, nor heed the warning, onward you went, the appetite grew and began to take hold of you. You felt yourself becoming a [illegible] knew the monster was gaining [illegible] that he was overcoming you, and very soon he would have you for his prey, onward you went taking the social glass, treating and being treated by your companions, and to-day you are a complete slave to this hellish appetite. You are mastered, the enemy has captured you, you are a prisoner, the hand-cuffs are on and your feet are in the stocks, you have been thrust into the inner prison, the hellish gates have come together with a crash, the key has been turned, you look through the bars and sigh for deliverance.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR WIFE,

are you blighting her life, are you driving her to her grave broken hearted, are you crushing her, are you stamping her heart's blood out? if so stop.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR FAMILY,

they are looking to you for food, and clothes, and for example; they are watching you and will follow in your footsteps, stop! stop! for God's sake stop! take warning for the sake of your wife, for the sake of your family, for the sake of your own soul, which will burn in the bottomless pit, while countless age of eternity roll by if you do not stop. Thank God there is deliverance, there is freedom, there is victory through the Blood. The lion of Juda can break every chain and give you the victory again, and again your feet shall be loosed, the hand-cuffs shall fall off, the prison doors shall swing wide open, and you shall walk out a free man in the light and liberty of Jesus Christ.

CAPT. GAGE.

Is Holiness Presumption?

IT is now some months since I wrote to you in reply to your query regarding Holiness, and since then I have had many, many troubles and trials, both at home and amongst my friends; but the troubles were only on the surface of life. Never at any moment have I been unable to feel and to say from the depths of my heart, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits, who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies."

Oh, what a blessed thing this being wholly the Lord's child is. And amongst my Christian friends I have constituted myself a sort of recruiting sergeant, to get them to come out of the militia of half-service and come into the King's Own regiment, by giving themselves, and all that belongs to them, entirely into the care of the Lord—not only their joys, and wealth, and good things, but to give Him all their troubles, and tempers, and bad things, and get from Him blessings instead. My dear reader, it can be done. Do try it, and even now, while you read, lay whatever that is which you are holding in your hand and heart so tightly, and won't part with—lay it now, I say, at the feet of Jesus, and get instead lasting peace—not one day on the height and another in the hollow, but the continual sunshine of God's presence in your soul.

When I speak on Holiness to my friends, I am frequently met by the remark, "And do you mean to say that by giving yourself entirely into God's hands you are enabled to live a pure and holy life? What presumption! What a want of humility!" But I say, No; the presumption and want of true humility is on the part of those who render unto God only a sort of half-and-half service.

Look at it in this way. Say that a King has two sons. They have formerly been in rebellion against Him, but have been reconciled on condition that they came under all obedience. Not only that, but their Father the King has promised to give His Spirit to them if they really want it and ask it, so that they may be of one mind with Him—in fact has offered to make them new creatures—not a sort of patch-up of the old creature, but new creatures.

The one son comes to his Father day after day and tells Him that he breaks His commands daily and hourly, and though he is supposed to be reconciled, he is still at heart often miserable and a rebellious child. The other son comes daily and hourly, and says, "Father, Thou knowest I have given my heart to Thee, and that my desire is to live pure and holy, as Thou wouldst have me to do. Thou art all-powerful in Heaven and on earth. I stand not in mine own strength, but in Thine, O my Father the King, for it is Thou that workest in me, to will and to do of Thy good pleasure, so Thine be the honor and glory for ever and ever."

Now, my dear reader, who do not believe in Holiness and purity, which of these sons is presumptuous and wanting in humility? I say it is the first. His conduct seems to me to be a sort of mixture of presumption and rebellion, wearing the mask of mock humility. The conduct of the second son is, I humbly think, the conduct of a true child of the King; and there is no presumption in it—not an atom, for he gives all the praise of being kept to his Father the King; and there is no want of humility, for does he not declare himself utterly helpless and standing only in the strength of his Father, in whom is everlasting strength!

If you will read the Word of God yourself, you will see that Holiness and purity are plainly taught. Ask the Lord to shed His light on His Word for you. Don't go and ask the Rev. Ernest Orthodox about it, for, though I respect and love him very much, I do think he is mistaken when he habitually puts into your mouth that prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" which is so beautiful and appropriate in the mouth of the publican (that is, in the mouth of anyone coming to Jesus for pardon); but I do think he is wrong in teaching that it ought to be the language always on the lips of a child of God who walks not after the flesh but after the Spirit. But search the Scriptures—see for yourself. "Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good." A. B. C.

ATTENTION!

ALMOST all of us, at some time or other, have watched a number of soldiers at drill, and we have heard the quick, sharp word ring out along the line previous to some order to march or fire—"attention!" We have seen the quick spring of the best trained men, and noticed the silent, expectant look, and the position of readiness with which they awaited the next command.

My comrades, the word comes from our Great Commander-in-Chief—"Attention!" It comes to every Officer, to every Soldier, to every convert throughout The Army. There can be no doubt that during this year of 1887 the command will be "Forward! quick march!" but first comes the cry, "Attention!"

Mark you, the word can only apply to those who are in their ranks—at their post. To stragglers who have not taken their places in the fighting line, or to deserters, it can have no application. But what have we to do with straggling or deserting? God expects every Salvation Soldier to live first in the ranks, in the battle array, equipped for action, and then to stand at attention. Abraham stood at attention, so did Elijah, Ananias, and Samuel; and so it was that, whether God spoke to Elijah in the day-time, or Abraham in the night, to Ananias in a vision, or to the Little Soldier Samuel in a dream, each of these was able to reply, "Here am I; speak Lord!"

It is Soldiers who live at attention that are chosen for important posts. Abraham to be the father of a nation; Elijah to defeat Baal on Mount Carmel; Samuel to warn Eli; Ananias to take the message of Salvation to repenting Saul—all of these were standing at attention when sent upon these important missions.

How few of us are ever chosen to fulfil important posts! how few ever called on for special service! Why? Alas! is it not because so very few of us have, as yet, obeyed the first command to come to attention? If God were suddenly to appear to us, or speak to us, as of old, and say, "Go!" how few of us would He find ready at a moment's notice to follow, or to do or die! How few could say at any second, "My Father, here am I; send me!"

My comrades, let us pull ourselves up, and throughout this year, when the battle is getting hotter, and the conflict more desperate than ever, let us be ever listening for the word of command. There are heights to be scaled, strongholds to be attacked, positions to be taken, perhaps "Forlorn hopes!" to be led. What a privilege to be chosen for such a post! A true soldier considers it no hardship, but the very highest honor that can be conferred upon him, to be told off to lead some desperate charge, or attack some seemingly impregnable position. Whom shall God choose for these posts? Undoubtedly He will choose those who He sees are standing at attention.

You know what it means. Let us be sure that we are in our own ranks, our own file, our own spot, and then let us be ever listening for the order — ready to spring to execute it when it comes. Do you want God to use you this year? Do you want to be singled out to do some work for Him—to bring some poor would-be suicide, some half-damned drunkard to His feet—to do something great and glorious for Him? Then take your place in the ranks and stand at attention. Live close to Him, and every hour, every moment, let the attitude and spirit of your soul be, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Such an one will not stand idle long.

"Of Whom The World was not Worthy."

To the Editor of the WAR CRY.

DEAR SIR,—In a very old periodical, published more than thirty years ago, I have just come across the following paragraph, which so exactly describes the present position of the Army that I venture to send it to you:—

"Those who fight the Lord's battles must be contented to be in no respect accounted of; they must expect to be in no respect encouraged by the prospect of human praise. And if you make an exception, and say that the children of God will praise you whatever the world may say, beware of this, for it is not the fact that all who see the face of the Lord see each other. It is not the fact that the misapprehension of the world is the only misapprehension the Christian must be content to labor under. He must expect even his brethren to see him through a mist, and to be disappointed of their sympathy and their cheers of approbation. The man of God must walk alone with God, and he must be contented that the Lord knoweth. You are to be followers of Him who was left alone, and you are, like Him, to rejoice that you are not alone, because the Father is with you that you may give glory to God. It is such a glory to God to see a soul that has been accessible to the praise of men, yet now contented, yea, pleased and happy in doing, with a single reference to God, that which he knows they will all misunderstand. Here was the victory of Jesus. There was not a single human heart that beat in sympathy with His, or entered into His bitter sorrow; but his way was with the Lord, and that is what you are called to."

I feel sure many Salvationists will have experienced the truth of every line of the above. May we all also experience the blessed sympathy and companionship and solace of the Lord Jesus Himself, who is indeed a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

Your faithful Auxiliary,
C. E. G.

A Gem Dug From The Pit.

BY A STAFF-CAPTAIN.

I'VE been a bad lad, and gone great lengths in sin. So said D. T. the other Sunday, when talking with me about his former life.

Davie was born in S———, and privileged like many more, he was brought up religiously; but at about eighteen years of ago he began a steady downward course, which eventually led him into a careless, godless life. As with others so with him, every step he took on his self-chosen path was down, never up. He was a pedler by trade and made plenty of money; in fact as he says, he made a great deal too much for his own good.

For twenty years he never entered a place of worship, and as a result of his abandoned state his friends all turned their backs on him and despised him because of his profligate life.

He has been brought before the magistrates many times.

On one occasion, after a day of sinful and devilish exploits, he found himself in the river at one in the morning. How he got there he could not tell. For certain things he had been guilty of that day he was fined $10.

It was a regular practice of Davie's to go to neighboring towns pedling fish, and, before he left, get drunk and get into some scrape or other.

Through his spendthrift and profligate spirit, he (with his brothers) drank his father out of his position, and ultimately put him in the poorhouse, where he died. The last time he was brought before the magistrates was at D———, where he was committed to prison for thirteen months. When there, his wife and children (now brought down very low through his life) came to see him. One of the little boys offered him 5 cents, saying, "Father there's 5 cents to buy 'bacca with!" the little fellow evidently realising his father's empty pockets. On another occasion when they came to see him, the same little fellow, seeing the badge on his father's breast with his number, says, "Are you driving a cab here, father?"

If Davie had only knew it and felt it as he ought to, he would clearly have seen that he was driving his own cab down to dark damnation. After his time was up in prison he was released; but the old games were gone into, and the old sins fastened themselves on him again.

He says, "Oh, if there had only been a Prison Gate Brigade in D——— to take me under their care, I should have been all right then." But no, David was left again to the mercy of the world and the devil, until one night, almost accidentally, but surely providentially, he wandered into our barracks at S———. God hit him hard, through the Bandmaster; his old life came up before him like a ghost; he listened as for his very life to all that was said, and immediately the chance was given, out he went to the penitent-form, and his burden of sin, of shame, and all other burdens incurred by a God-forgotten life were soon lifted from his soul. He went forth free, told the glad tidings to all around, and says he cannot let any meeting go past now without he testifies, for, says he, "God has been real good to me."

His clothes, when he got saved, together with his wife and children's were estimated at the round sum of 60 cents; now he cannot reckon how much his clothing is worth.

Meeting his Sunday-school teacher recently, he says to him "Well Davie, if The Salvation Army had only saved you they have done a great work." One thing I must mention, as a proof of the genuineness of his conversion, he now is content to work for less money at his trade, and whatever he makes, to make it honestly, despising the idea of making money, as he used to do, by roguery.

Outside and inside we generally find him to the front; and only recently in the Market-place we heard his testimony thrill the great crowd listening round. May the God who has so wonderfully saved him, make and keep him a red-hot Salvationist!

LEAVES FROM MY LETTER BOOK

BY AN OFFICER ON THE STAFF OF THE INTERNATIONAL TRAINING HOMES, ENG.

DEAR LIEUTENANT,—

Many thanks for your letter that came to hand yesterday. I can assure you that we sympathise very much with you in the hard fight you have. How do you get on with your Soldiers? Are they all they ought to be? And do you manage to get them well forward in the knowledge of God, and in doing His will? Do you and the Captain visit as much as the needs of the place require? I expect that some places need a great deal more visiting by the Officers than others; and I should think that in small country towns like yours, the visiting must be a very important part of the Officers' work. Surely there must be some reason for the battle continuing to be so hard for such a long time.

I should be inclined to think that the Soldiers must want something done at home, because, even if there are not many, if those you have are filled with the Spirit of God, and keep on growing in grace and in His power, more and more every day, why their very lives—let alone their words—must be an enormous power for good in the place, and must make a deep impression upon the unsaved. Are all the Soldiers you have got well saved; or, at any rate, are they as well saved as they have light to be? I believe a great deal of the want of success with Officers, comes from their having and keeping in their Corps Soldiers who refuse to obey God in some matter or other, and, of course, God will not use disobedient children to bring sinners to His feet.

Cheer up, Lieutenant, the day of victory is coming, and I hope it will soon come for you! In any case you keep on praying, and believing, and obeying God, and fighting, then you are bound to be all right. Even when the way does seem dark and hard, you may be quite sure that Jesus knows all about it, and that He knows what is good for the interests of His Kingdom as well as what is good for yourself.

Be sure, however, that you do really keep your own soul quite right with God! If there is any cloud, any little thing even which comes between your soul and Christ, and interferes with your communion with Him, get rid of that at once; until you do, you really cannot know positively where you are, and whether you are doing exactly what is God's will concerning you.

I think you and the Captain should have a very careful look into things as regards the spiritual condition of the Soldiers. I cannot help thinking there must be something among them that hinders the work of God, and that something ought to be got rid of if possible, and the sooner the better.

I think you should go in for some special Holiness meetings with the Soldiers, and get down the Spirit of God upon them with such power that their souls will all get put right. Do something with them individually, as well. Go and see them and try to urge upon them a sense of their own personal responsibility before God for the conversion of the people who live round them, and the necessity of their being right in their own souls before God will use them for the conversion of others.

God bless you and help you to be a great blessing to all the saints and sinners in your town.

Your servant in Jesus,

———

SONGS

Composed Expressly for the WAR CRY

NOTE.—We are wanting a number of Original Songs for this page, songs on War Subjects and Holiness, set to popular tunes, with some grip, go, swing and Salvation in them calculated to hit some one and move something. Everyone try and try again.

1 VICTORY.

BY STAFF-CAPT. MORTON.

TUNE.—"Wait for the Waggon."

SOME people say our Army
Is nothing but the scum,
And that before the morning
This Army will be gone;
But then the scum it rises,
It's always on the top,
So on our Army marches
The power of hell can't stop.

CHORUS.

We'll have the victory,
We'll have the victory,
We'll have the victory
Where ever we may go.

And then again, you hear them say,
Why beat that horrid drum,
It wakes up all the babies
As you go marching on;
But then we never beat the drum
Just simply to amuse,
But that it might attract the men
Who are out upon the booze.

And then they grumble at the way
Our converts testify,
They say we ought to wait a year
To give them a good try;
But we believe they ought to speak
Of what they now enjoy,
Before the devil get's a chance
To damp their new born joy.

And so they go on grumbling
At all our modes and ways,
But cannot show a better plan
How sinners can be saved;
While they are all fault finding,
We'll go and do the work
And never let it once be said,
Our duty we did shirk.

2 Invitation.

BY ALPHA D. AMHERSTBURG.

TUNE:—"Annie Lisle."

WHEN I came to Christ, my Saviour,
Burdened with my sin,
Hardly hoping for His favor
Jesus took me in.
All my sins I viewed with loathing,
I could scarce believe
He would give me food and clothing
And my soul receive.

CHORUS.

But He took me, clothed and fed me,
Heeding not my shame;
Ever since He's daily led me,
Calling me by name.

Sinner come! He waits to hold you
In His arms to bless,
Half His love was never told you,
Nought can it express;
If you'll only give up sinning;
Come and cry for grace,
Come and make a good beginning,
Fly to His embrace.

CHORUS.

He will take you, clothe and feed you,
Heeding not your shame.
Every moment He will lead you,
Calling you by name.

Drunkard, swearer, liar, scoffer,
Gambler, outcast, thief,
Come, accept His gracious offer!
Come and find relief;
Worse than you He oft has taken,
Pardoned, cleansed and kept,
Never one has He forsaken;
Come, His love accept!

3 A Hallelujah Lass.

BY M.

TUNE.—"Oh, its nice to be fighting for Jesus."

I belong to the Salvation Army,
I wear a red band and a shield,
I've been striving to work for the Master
Ever since I farewelled for the field;
I do love to fight for King Jesus,
He fills my whole soul with His love,
And I know if I only prove faithful,
I shall dwell with Him up above.

CHORUS.

Oh, its nice to be fighting for Jesus, etc.

I have seen sinners come to the fountain,
And there cry for God to save,
He has always been true to his promise
"Everlasting life you shall have."
He saves, purifies, and makes happy,
He gives them new life within,
And they'er now on their way to glory,
Soon to live and reign with Him.

The Salvation Army is marching,
Is marching this wild world o'er,
Salvation is reaching the outcast,
Already its at their door.
The heathen are getting converted,
The drunkard and infidels too;
By thousands are coming to Jesus,
And enlisting as Soldiers true.

4 Wheat and Tares.

BY R. T. BRAINE, Halifax.

TUNE:—"Oh, to be Nothing, Nothing."

ARE there any tares in your wheat-field?
Has the enemy been there?
Has he spoil'd your hopes of harvest?
Will your sheaves be few and spare?

CHORUS.

The Lord of the harvest cometh,
Who can His coming abide?
For a great gulf fixed between;
Shall the wheat and tares divide.

Only good seed had been planted,
But hasting, with busy feet;
Thickly, the tares Satan scattered,
For the watchers were fast asleep.

And the tares and wheat grow together,
Till the gathering day shall come;
When the angel bands of reapers,
Go forth for the "harvest-home."

The tares they will surely gather,
And in bundles bind, to burn;
For only the wheat for the reaping,
Will their searching eyes discern.

Will you find a place then, brother,
In the Master's garner safe,
The precious corn of the Kingdom;
Or outside,—an eternal waif?

Look over your field then, brother;
Break up your fallow ground;
Sow in weeping, watch with patience,
That only wheat may be found.

HOLINESS SONGS.

5 Fill me with Power Divine.

BY H.—D.

TUNE—"Give me a heart like Thine."

DEAR Lord, I want Thy mighty power
To fill this heart of mine;
That I may every passing hour
Obey Thy voice divine.

CHORUS.

Fill me with power divine,
Fill me with power divine,
Make me holy and pure,
Give me grace to endure
Fill me with power divine.

Oh, touch my lips with burning coal
From off Thy altar now;
And with Thy glory flood my soul
As postrate now I bow.

My thoughts and actions, Lord, control
Reign in my heart supreme;
Take full possession of my soul
And keep it pure and clean.

Thy promise, Saviour, now I claim,
Thou wilt Thy Spirit pour
On those who fear Thy holy name,
Whose hearts are clean and pure.

6 Trusting.

BY CAPT. WELLWOOD.

TUNE.—"Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

THROUGH this world I mean to go,
Leaning on the arm of Jesus.
Conquered is my every foe,
Leaning on the arm of Jesus.

CHORUS.

Oh happy is my state,
From strength to strength I go,
Now I can work and wait,
Leaning on the arm of Jesus.

If the world looks cold on me,
I'm leaning on the arm of Jesus,
Still supported I shall be,
Leaning on the arm of Jesus.

When to battle I do go,
I'm leaning on the arm of Jesus,
Strengthened by his grace I know,
I'm leaning on the arm of Jesus.

"A VOICE CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS" WAR CRY

SATURDAY, FEB. 26TH, 1887.

THE JUBILEE YEAR. The outside world is at present very full of plans and schemes for the appropriate celebration of the fiftieth year of the reign of our beloved Queen, and the suggestions which have been made from pulpit and platform and through the press are legion. It seems to be the universal opinion of the promoters of all Jubilee schemes that the most fitting way of commemorating this year is by the adoption of some plan or plans whereby the inhabitants of this kingdom may be materially benifitted. Hence we hear of proposals for the establishment of Imperial institutes, museums, colleges, public parks, etc'

The question has been often put to us, "What is the Salvation Army going to do?" Well, we think if our readers turn to the General's letter in this issue, they will admit that if the proposals contained in it are faithfully carried out the year 1887 will be a Salvation Army Jubilee Year, which will astound the whole world and eclipse anything and everything else that has been yet suggested, or that shall be carried into effect.

Let who will be satisfied with memorials of stone and marble—with parks and museums, and so forth; but Salvationists will not be content with anything less than a vast memorial Army of men and women whose souls have been snatched from the grasp of the devil, and saved from an endless eternity in hell. O, that thousands upon thousands of our fellow beings may be able to say during 1887, and in its highest sense, "the year of Jubilee has come."

Comrades, "Forward!" MUST be our motto. There must be no lagging behind—no wearying in welldoing—no resting satisfied with 1866 victories—no throwing of our work upon the shoulders of somebody else. No, no, "Forward!" is the watchword for the year, and, to go forward, it is absolutely necessary to possess the qualifications spoken of in the General's letter. Yes, we must be real, we must be good; we must have more skill; every day we should grow not only in grace but in knowledge: we must have hearts overflowing with love—the love that suffereth long and is kind, the love that thinketh nothing too great a sacrifice to win souls. And then

MORE FAITH IN GOD.

O! [illegible] we only go forward with strong faith in God! The Red Sea may be before us, the Egyptians behind us—we may be hemmed in on all sides, and scoffers may cry out, "Where is now your God?" but calmly, steadily, and confidently we shall go forward, cutting our way through all difficulties, overcoming every obstacle, and vanquishing every enemy of the kingdom of Christ. O! my comrades, let us do as the General says—"Keep God always and more fully before us, and let us go "Forward."

MORE OUTRAGES. Just as we go to press we hear that some well dressed roughs attacked our lasses at Quebec, on Sunday, and that one was severely hurt; this intelligence is printed in the Dominion papers, and has not been confirmed at Headquarters; we are hoping however it, like nearly all the secular journals and a good many so called religious prints say about the S. A., will prove incorrect; it is a fact however that a Cadet from Montreal has arrived at the Home of Rest, suffering from the effects of the combined efforts of a club and a brick to break her skull. The slander devil too is very busy just now, a Cadet at Sutton has been grossly libelled by a Toronto journal, as to her riding to a meeting with a man that had stolen a horse, and the leading journal of the Dominion has published a barefaced invention, and slandered the General and Mrs Booth, with others, as to a sparring exhibition, which it says took place at the marriage of La Marechale. We are glad the devil is awake, he is suffering considerably, which should only be an incentive to us all to pound harder and so make him "squirm" the more.

A LYING TELEGRAM. A Toronto paper has in its account of a case of horse stealing at Sutton, stated that the lad who misappropriated the horse, drove a Salvation Army Cadet some miles to a meeting. This is an *unmitigated lie*. Our Lieut. and Cadet at Sutton, never rode a yard with the party named. It also says that the constable when he took the stand to give evidence in the case gave the magistrate "a familiar nod." We don't know anything about that, but we do know that this said constable who is supposed to preserve the peace of the village, also sells the whiskey which for the most part creates the necessity of his services; and it is also a fact that the bar-tender, who has been in the habit of assisting him, has become converted, and spends a good deal of his time in driving round the country, fetching his old customers and sinners generally to our meetings. Perhaps Dogberry has got confused as to who drives or is driven to meetings. But "a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse" anyhow.

FORWARD.

BY THE GENERAL.

To the Soldiers of The Salvation Army throughout the world.

MY DEAR COMRADES,

It is now some time since I had the pleasant privilege of speaking directly to you through the pages of the WAR CRY, and yet I feel that I have been in full fellowship with you all the time. It cannot be otherwise. Are we not linked together by the same Spirit? for although

Our bodies may far off remove
We still are one in heart;

and when I have done with ministering to your welfare in this world, I hope in some form or other to be allowed to minister to your welfare in the world to come.

But once more I hail an opportunity of speaking to you through our mutual friend the "WAR CRY." which I am happy to find prospering, increasing, as I am informed, in circulation from week to week.

Before entering on any other theme I feel I must thank my Comrades all around for the noble stand being made, alike in my presence or absence, to maintain the ground already occupied, and to push out farther with the claims of God on the love and service of men For the record of The Salvation Army is still "Forward." God grant it may be so to the end of time.

Forward we must go, my comrades. Nothing less must satisfy us either in our own personal experience, or in that great business of saving the world, on which God has set us. Our glorious past pushes us onwards, and the stupendous needs of a poor, groaning, dying world beckon us forward. In view of what has already been accomplished, and of what the Holy Ghost assures can be done in the future, no other course is possible but to press on with all our might to deal with the anguish and peril of the dying millions around us. We have no alternative, therefore we go ahead!

There is a spirit of hope around in the commercial world. Business men are full of it. They think there is a turn in the tide with them. Prices are rising, orders are flowing in, trade is brisk across the Atlantic. The wave is already at our shores. And in view of a year of prosperity they are counting their chickens and reckoning up their gains. All right—this is perfectly natural for the children of this generation; and it may be that Salvationists will reap some advantages if their hopes are realised. Nay, it will be so, for do not all things work together for our good?

Well, and I have hope for our business, my Comrades. I, too, am full of confidence. Never did I feel such steady, solid assurance that there are mighty triumphs just on before us as I do to-day. We shall have prosperity in OUR WORLD—the world of our King. Oh, Christ, we have some ambition for Thee, and Thy fortunes, and Thy people. Oh, for a great increase of Thy wealth and Thy power, and Thy subjects! Our Father, which art in Heaven, Thy Kingdom come.

But can this explanation be fulfilled? Have we not hoped before and hoped in vain? Have we not calculated on seeing the Salvation of friends and kindred, the waking up of our Corps, the coming down of God on our town, and the triumphing of grace far and near? And then have not our expectations been cut off? Nothing particular has happened, If there has been some little blaze it has soon gone down, and if there has been some overhanging clouds there has been no deluging shower.

Can it be? Can we never have an increase of Salvation in our own hearts, in our families, in our Corps in our neighborhoods? Thank God you can! You can have a year of glorious success.

But how? "Do this and live" is still the Divine command. Comply with the conditions, and though your heart be as dry as the bones Ezekiel saw, and your Corps be as cold and heartless as the Pharisees whom Jesus Christ denounced, and your Officers have backslidden to the verge of resignation, and your town be as godless and debauched as Sodom and Gomorrah, God will come, the Spirit will breathe, and the fire will burn, and the bones will shake, and hearts will soften, and eyes will weep, and sinners will cry out and believe and grip Salvation, and Heaven and earth will come together, and Paradise will be here again.

Aye, and it shall not only begin, but go on. Thank God there is a Salvation which lasts forever.

What are the conditions? Why you know them already! You could preach them to anyone else with your own lips. Oh, to practise what we teach! Go and do it! But to refresh your minds I will mention them:—

1. BE A REALITY.—Just be as good as your songs and prayers and advice to other people. Bring your possession up to the level of your profession. If you are professing to be better than you are, just stop and fetch the possession up to the same level as the profession. If in your heart you are not as *true*,—as sincere—as pure—as loving—as good as you ought to be, as you say you are, go down before God and cry to Him till He makes you so. *Before God and man be real and sincere.*

You profess a great deal You say in substance. "I know God, He has changed my heart and life. He lives in me and talks to me and I talk to Him, and He has sent me to invite you to come and enjoy the same Salvation. I do not this of myself, it is God that has sent, who also dwells in me" Now men will want to know the truth of this, and they will watch you and your life for evidence.

It is not enough for you to *say* this, they will want to see you do things, which no man could do unless God were with him. And unless you do these things, unless you show by your Heavenly conversation, your holy life and your ceaseless devotion that you have a power that is more than human, how can they believe you? But once satisfied that you are supernatural, that is, that you really have God, they will come over to you, no matter what else you have or have not. Be a reality.

2. THEN YOU MUST LOVE. Love is the conqueror. It ever has been and ever must be. Officers and Soldiers with other gifts are defeated every day, but love never faileth. Love, and keep on loving, and you are bound to win. No matter who are the objects of attack, whether rich or poor, or educated or ignorant, or blacker white, or friends or skeletons, love is the weapon. It is irresistible.

What is it that has made Jesus Christ the great Conqueror of human hearts? What has been the ground of His victories? Not His eloquence, although He spake as no man spake before or since. Not His wisdom, although He was wisdom itself. Not His miracles, although they were such as the world never saw. Not His Holiness, although He was spotless and undefiled. It was not His power, although He was the power—He was Omnipotent. But it was not by these marvellous gifts that He succeeded in conquering the multitudes, and by which He will go on conquering multitudes, more while the world lasts, and making them willing to live and die for Him. It was His LOVE. It was love shown in sacrifice that made Him the Conqueror.

Oh, my comrades, cultivate every gift! Be greedy after every possible acquirement which may seem to help you in winning souls; but after all, there is one gift which above every other, you must have. You must love. Sing, if you can sing; nay, sing whether you can or not. Pray, and speak, and hope, and believe, and do all and everything else; but remember that the greatest of these is Charity. Go and love, and you will win.

3. AFTER THIS COMES SKILL. Look at the tremendous competition in business, and indeed in every other human pursuit of the present day. No man has any chance of succeeding in the world who is not able to compete with those about him. But men are not afraid. They rush in, and study and plan; they rise early and sit up late, and rack their brains for new methods and fresh inventions, and succeed as they never succeeded in the history of the world. Never were there such fortunes made in commerce, such discoveries made in science, or such victories won in war.

The last great war between France and Germany exceeded by rapidity of action and terribleness and completeness of results any that ever preceded it. Why? Just because more tact, more invention, more careful preparation, and genius were brought to bear upon it. The Germans surpassed the French in these things, and hence were victorious.

Just so, if in our war we are to have greater triumph, if we are to trample down the powers of hell and drive back the devil more effectually, and rescue greater numbers of poor dying souls, from his infernal grasp, we must have more skill. After the goodness and love we have spoken of, there is no greater want in the Army than BRAINS, except it be the more industrious use of the brains we already possess.

Now, my comrades, let us in this respect leave the things that are behind. We must succeed better, and to do so we must have more skill. Let every Officer and every Soldier make soul saving their own particular study, and we shall soon have results to show that will glorify God and gratify the angels.

4. Then we must have more INDUSTRY—MORE HARD WORK—MORE FIGHTING. The world will be saved whenever God's people make up their minds to put forth the necessary trouble. The Persians have a proverb, "All things come to them that wait" I would be disposed to alter this and make it, "All things come to them that WORK."

But my paper is more than full, and I must pause, and yet the main thing wanted has not been mentioned, and that is there must be MORE OF GOD. And this means more of faith. But I must write of this another day. It is a big subject, and my heart is full of it, so full that I dare not trust myself to make a start. Let it suffice that I say, let us strive to keep God more fully before us. Keep Him in view. Do nothing without Him. The power for all effectual doing in the kingdom of grace is of God, and by faith. Let us practise more faith and we shall have more works.

Believe me, my dear Comrades
Your affectionate General,
WILLIAM BOOTH.

WANTED.

ENDURANCE!

HE was despised—rejected of men—a Man of Sorrows—wounded—bruised oppressed—afflicted—was brought as a lamb to the slaughter; and yet He (the great King and Lord of all the earth) opened not His mouth.

What a picture of enduring love!

We are His followers, professing to walk in His steps, bearing His name. Let us look at His life, and contrast it with our own.

There are many who are perhaps rich in other virtues, but who come short in one point—they lack endurance. Yet how we need it, daily and hourly, if we would be in this world REFLECTORS OF THE BRIGHTNESS OF OUR LORD.

We need

ENDURANCE IN THE TIME OF SUFFERING.

Shame, slander, and mocking will fall to our share. How are we to meet it? As Jesus did, and he who has gone through all this can surely give us grace and strength for it.

You have been slandered, spoken against, written against; but was He treated any better? Was not He said to have a devil, and called a blasphemer and a liar? And yet with what meekness He bore it all.

When you testify for Jesus—in the streets, in the Barracks, or at home, your words are perhaps made light of. You are laughed at; called a hypocrite; told to mind your own business, and not set yourself up to teach others. How do you bear it? He, who was the laughing stock of all; who was jeered at and taunted by the brutal Roman Soldiers and the religious scribes, "opened not His mouth," but bore it all for our sakes.

We need

ENDURANCE IN THE TIME OF LONELINESS!

In every life there are times when we seem to stand alone.

We are called to WALK ALONE, and the path seems long and dreary—all is dark.

Perhaps this comes to some when they have seen the eyes of the one dearest to them on earth close in death, and they have turned from that death-bed with a blank, empty place in their hearts and lives, and that can never be filled. They are lonely, yet He has patiently borne their griefs and carried their sorrows. He understands it all, and is looking down to see whether they will without a murmer press on alone, following CLOSE in His blessed footsteps.

But there is another loneliness which may seem harder to bear, when He may call you to a path on which you must walk alone, when all seems against you. Yet many have trodden that path before, and have shown what ENDURANCE in the darkest hours could do. Daniel in serving God, had to stand alone—alone in the court of a heathen King—alone in the den of lions. Yet THERE WAS A POWER WHICH SUSTAINED HIM. Stephen, when for the sake of his Lord, he was dragged out and stoned—died praying for those who were murdering him.

Then think of those dark hours of loneliness in Gethsemane, when the Father's face was turned away, and Jesus was bowed down by our guilt and sin. Think of the King of kings standing before the judgment bar—ALONE! forsaken. Think of those stripes, those nails, those thorns! That was suffering, and suffering which had to be endured ALONE. Even while enduring that awful death upon the cross, those who stood round mocked and reviled Him; yet He did not reproach them, but in His LOVING FORBEARANCE prayed, "FATHER, FORGIVE THEM."

Just so is the hour of your lonesome, weary, cross-bearing shame, in the darkest hour you need endurance. But, alas, how often we fall short there.

ENDURANCE IN THE TIME OF SACRIFICE.

How much of this grace is often missing when God calls for some sacrifice on the part of His people. When He puts His finger on the hidden spot—on the one thing to which His heart clings—perhaps the only thing which is not on the altar. You shrink and say, "Not that, my Lord! All else—but that I cannot give up!" And if the Lord takes that idol, you say, "It is VERY HARD." Was it an easy sacrifice to give up Heaven, a throne and crown, to come and be rejected by those for whom the sacrifice was made?

Those who have willingly made the sacrifice, who have gone through it with endurance, meekness, and patience (as Abraham did), receive abundant reward.

ENDURANCE IN THE TOIL OF THE BATTLE FIELD.

Through the long and wearisome hours—the heat and burden of the day—when there seems no success—no apparent increase—NO SOULS. At such an hour should we give up? No! No!! All around you may look dark—you are discouraged, disheartened—but hold on—the morning is coming—God will reward.

Think of the weeks and months of toil and suffering, the prayers, the tears and patience when first our Marechale went to France. Discouragements, disappointments, difficulties on every side; but look at the results!

Have any of us lacked this in the past? Oh! may we be what God wishes us to be in the future—

MORE LIKE JESUS!

Perhaps you say, "I long for more endurance, but I am so impatient BY NATURE," but HE IS ALMIGHTY, and if He is YOURS you can through Him overcome and conquer even that which seems the hardest; for

There's not a craving in the mind,
He does not meet, and still
There's not a wish the heart can have,
Which He does not fulfill.

MAUD E. CHARLESWORTH BOOTH.

We want sanctification humanity, not sanctimoniousness. You want to talk to your friends in the same way about religion as you talk about earthly things. If a friend is in difficulties, and he comes to you, you do not begin talking in a circumlocutory manner about the general principles on which men can secure prosperity, and the sad mistakes of those who have not secured it; you come straight to the point.

"WAR CRY" SELLING

IN talking to one who is successful in War Cry selling, and especially in the hotels, she said:—"You know I never take any notice of what they say or do to me, I don't believe in giving up and going home when somebody says something rough to me, nor do I hesitate about carrying these messages of Salvation into the very roughest places, for I realize that, these are the spots where they are needed, if they are not wanted.'

"The following are a few of the many places where at first I was used roughly, but through a constant sticking at it, I have gained their confidence, and now they treat me well, and generally buy a Cry.

In going into one hotel the proprietor took me by the shoulder in a very rough manner, tearing my jacket right across the back, pushing me out into the street. I told him I would call again. Accordingly next Saturday I entered his bar with a bundle of Crys He spoke very sharply to me and told me to be off, but I told him I had come on the King's business, and went on offering my papers. He came round the counter and said, well if you wont go I will help you to sell your papers to get rid of you. He took the bundle and made every one standing round buy a copy, selling 20 for me. He is now a regular customer and gives me every privilege in his house.

In another bar-room which I found full of men, I commenced offering the Cry, when the bar-tender came up in a careless manner and said. "Can you save me?" I answered "No, but the precious blood can." Then will you pray for me? I said yes, and got upon my knees at once and began to pray. He, white, and trembling like a leaf with fear, grabbed me by the arm, and said "for God's sake girl what are you doing, get up, I did not mean what I said," but I still prayed on. After this I sold Crys freely and when ever I liked in his place.

After being put out in one hotel by the proprietor, I returned to be put out again, returning again the third time. I received privilege to sell as many Crys in his place as I could but he, the proprietor will not buy one himself, yet I am believing to sell him one shortly.

I thought, as a passenger train stood on the crossing, before going into the station, that it might be, that some of the passengers would like a Cry. Accordingly I got on board, and began a sale. The conductor came in and said, "You must get out of this," pointing to the door I had just entered. But I thought the other end of the train was the most convenient for me to get off at, as it gave me a chance to ask the passengers to buy, which they did readily. The conductor stormed a bit, which he had no right to do, but I sold 10 Crys.

Hallelujah Lasses to Cabmen—"Buy a War Cry sirs."

First Cabman—"Yes, I will take one."

Second Cabman, to first Cabman—"Look here! Don't you know *we have been forbidden to read that paper*."

First Cabman, to second Cabman—"Yes I know! but I got one last week, and it was so good I could hardly wait till they came out this week."

The War Cry only wants to be read to be appreciated, and only pushed to be sold.

Adjutant.

Talk about shame! Think of that! Shame; Some of you feel it going into the streets for God. You feel it when a few people see you kneel down here! Think of being spewed out of the mouth [illegible] assembled universe. What will that be?

HARD POSTS

A WORD TO MY FELLOW OFFICERS.

Dear Comrades-in-Arms,

I want to say a few things to you who like myself know what it is to be in "hard posts"—there are lots of them all the battle-field over. Some "hard" in this way and some in another, and the devil knows so well how to take advantage of the peculiar circumstances to whisper in your ear, "It's no use You'll never do anything here, the people are so hardened there are too many backsliders, some other 'army' has spoiled the field nobody ever made this corps go, and you can't either," and so with all his plausible reasonings you sink into a sort of morbid, sleepy rest, in which the wheel of daily duty turns regular enough, but alas! far too regular, for its true 'tis a "hard post" it needs something more than the ordinary routine to wake it up!

He has been whispering to me lately—not exactly the same reasons, but others which are very kindred! My corner of the battle-field is not a gospel-hardened, backslider-sown field, but a "stony-ground" of roughs of the deepest dye, steeped in drunkenness and sin—but worse than all where the veil of ignorance is as thick as a cloud, and human understanding as to the needs of the soul is choked almost out of life until they have grown to believe that they are put in the world for fun, and wickedness is as natural as the air they breathe!

Ah! says the devil, "If they could read, or had ever known and seen a spark of true religion then you could awake their dormant senses, but its as good to preach to cats and dogs as to appeal to feelings they know nothing about. Its all 'fun' to them! They love to see and hear you plead in all the energy of your being, and when you get on your knees then's the time they can mimic you best and have what they call 'good sport!'"

And its all very true if the work is to be done by "might or by power," but oh! thank God there's another side to the question!

There is a "Spirit" whose mightiness can breath life into dead bones. There is a God in Heaven who marks each meeting's hardness, and hears the sigh of weariness that comes unbidden from your breast. There is a Christ who having borne the hardness, toil and suffering of soul-saving work can sympathise and comfort every warrior who treads His sacred foot-prints, and as a cloud of heavenly incense on the altar of sacrifice ascends to His throne each effort made, each burning word, each falling tear spent on the thankless souls of men and women who watch your untiring action day by day for their Salvation unmoved and careless.

A a savor of life unto life, or death unto death goes forth the word—for us to proclaim it faithfully; His to reward, and on each unpenitent soul the responsibility of its rejection.

Men and women can always be found for the honours of a harvest-field! Hundreds can make a "big corps go," and swing the hallelujah to a joyful tune, but God's chosen lads and lasses who love and labor in the "hard posts" with the same ceaseless effort, and noble sacrifice are but few As for me my comrades, I'll rather choose the hardest in view of the "reckoning" by-and-bye.

Mara.

"The will of God is your sanctification" There is, however, a sense, an important sense, in which sanctification must be the will of man. It must be my will too, and if it is not my will the Divine will can never be accomplished in me. I must will to be sanctified, as God is willing that I should be sanctified.

In vain do we look for the heavenly plant amongst the unrenewed children of men—it grows not on the corrupt soil of fallen nature; it springs only where the ploughshare of true repentence has broken up the fallow ground of the heart.

Some warnings from Hamilton.

Just the other day the little town of S——, was moved with sorrow and sympathy for a young man who was

CONSUMED IN THE FLAMES

of some woollen mills that were burnt down. And in connection with the sad end of this young man's career, I am informed only some few hours before that he ridiculed the idea of being saved and having salvation, besides doing all he could to try and upset those that were serving God.

SINNER BEWARE! GOD IS NOT MOCKED.

Again I hear in the same town of a young woman lying dead in the house, who only a few weeks ago was trying to find pleasure in a skating rink, and caught cold which has resulted in death. Moral: find your pleasures in God.

BACKSLIDER'S END.

No less than three times had the individual of whom I am now about to speak been to the Army's penitent bench and professed to find Salvation which brought peace to his weary soul; but each time the cares of business life, and of this world eat out the peace which God had given to him. On the occasion of our General's visit to Hamilton, once more the spark of hope which was left in the man's poor soul was brought to the front and out he came and cast himself on God, and God again accepted him, freely forgave him all, and told him to go on his way rejoicing and sin no more. Alas! the advice God gave him but lasted for a few weeks, and he does the very opposite to what God had told him to do. The cold heartless world took hold of him and helped to hurl him down the eternal abyss to which I am afraid he has gone to spend his eternity, and I am told God came and cut him down while suffering under the delerium tremens the other day.

This man I knew quite well. Oh, may God help us as Salvationists to live and warn them in such a way that at the last day, our garments will not be smeared with these people's blood.

Major Woolley.

EASTERN DIVISION.

THE MAJOR PLAYS TRAMP AND GETS LEFT IN THE COLD.—SALVATION HEAVY WEIGHTS BREAK THE WHEELS AND BURST THE COUPLINGS.—RUNAWAY ENGINES—BROKEN HEARTED SINNERS—SOULS SAVED.

It was not much of a night's rest 'tis true, during that long shaky ride from St. John to

CAMBELLTON,

and the sight of the place at 0 o'clock in the morning was very acceptable to us.

After a little search all amongst the snow, we succeeded in finding the officers' quarters. "Who's there? asks a voice, as I bumped the door." "Oh let us in, I answer in a deep undertone!" "You will not get in here till I know who it is," is the answer I get, so I give my name pretty lively, for oh, it was cold.

"The Ontario Officers are stuck in a snow drift at Gananoque, "is the next piece of information I receive, which in no way added to our hopes for a good meeting at night." Well never mind God will be with us and we'll have a good time." So we did.

The Campbellton [illegible] testified, and believed, just like soldiers should do. God's spirit gave us all liberty, and two sisters sought and found the pearl of great price.

At 4.50., next morning, we took the cars for

BATHURST.

The Capt. is sick, and there are other difficulties which have hindered the work, but netherthless the sights I saw the stories I heard, and the testimonies I listened to, more than convinced me of success of our work here in the future if those soldiers and converts stick true. God give them all the grace they need.

"The wheel is broken, and it's a mercy we have not been thrown into the ditch" says one of the car officials who by the way was a Salvationist, to us the next morning as we went our way to

CHATHAM.

"We want you all to clear into the next car, till we get into the junction." We went. But the pipes and tobacco and smoke were pretty thick, which made us feel very uncomfortable. however, the kind conductor, observing our difficulty, gave us an invitation to the baggage car, which we gladly accepted.

By the bye, I forgot to say that the Ontario officers had arrived on the Friday night's express, which was seven hours and-a-half late, and one of them had a tremendous time thawing out his ears, which had got frozen coming across the plain to Bathurst station.

We arrived at Chatham, just in time to get a little refreshment at dinner time. Capt Wadds, with a kind of a cap, (not a hallelujah bonnet, but I think they call it a "dust cap" on,) greeted us, and soon cheered us with some glorious news of salvation. A good work is being done, and all sorts of sinners are finding that the salvation of Jesus Christ licks even Curling for happiness and joy and satisfaction, and ensures an entrance through the pearly gates.

The march was just splendid, lit up by a large number of flaming torches. The Hall was of course full up, the spirit of God and of power fairly rested upon the people. There are Tom, Jack, and the nigger, the fighting dude, the saved Italian, and about 30 saved drunkards, and more that I can't tell in the corps, a great many of whom were on the platform, and told their own story of deliverance and salvation. And God blessed that meeting. I tell you He did. It was told me by a sister "Major they are going to limb you if you take our Captain away" but after we had assured them we should not undertake that business, but should leave it for the train to do, and gave a little explanation, and got through with that blessed meeting, all the limbing business was forgotten.

Is there one who will come away to Jesus to-night, we ask? At the back of the barracks he rises, and with a steady deliberate step, paces his way down the isle to the penitent form. "'Tis the one that we have been praying for," says the Captain, and he is quickly followed by a lady of some 50 or 60 years, then a young lady They got through; testified, and then as new born babies can do, helped us to give Him the glory. We have a short chat with the soldiers, and mount the chariot "The Hallelujah Butcher" had brought over to carry us to

NEWCASTLE.

The Ontario Officers having disappointed

CAMPBELLTON,

we divided up at all four places for the Sunday, and God gave us some big times all over,

BETWEEN 40 AND 50 SOULS SOUGHT SALVATION OR SANCTIFICATION

at all places, seventeen of which happened at Newcastle. Cadet Hunt was sick in bed, and Capt. Scott, was farewelling. Snow fell too, fairly fast during the day, which undoubtedly caused smaller congregations, but what was lacking in quantity was made up in quality, for did not the young, the aged, the middle aged, and a little boy all seek the Saviour, and also tell us that from temper, jealousy, pride, fear, and unfaithfulness, God had that day delivered them. Says one, I could not get right because there is one man in this building who I had hard feelings against, but I am willing to confess it now, and I hope he will forgive me. It was not many moments before both were shaking hands, while tears were filling the eyes of the former brother.

Next morning, we had scarcely left the depot before bang goes the hook, and crack goes the cord; the engine runs away from our cars, and we are left behind.

Everybody is just alarmed for a moment, but we soon find it is nothing serious which has happened, for it is quickly fixed and we are speeding our way to

MONCTON,

for two days, big meetings, and council of war, about which you shall hear later on.

Major Margetts.

FROM OTTAWA.

THE RESULT OF STICK-AT-IT-IVENESS.

Brockville has undergone a great change the past few weeks. You who read the War Cry know how, when we opened fire here, our comrades were locked in the cooler, and how desperately the devil did his best to drive us clear out of existence by giving us five weeks of open-air work in the dead of winter. It may have froze our toes, but, hurrah for Jesus, it did not freeze our hearts. What if our officers did have nothing in the house to eat sometimes, we did not starve—it takes something to starve a Salvationist. We have meat to eat they know not of. A change has come, as I was saying. Just read what the Brockville *Daily Times* says about our three days' meetings:—

A SUCCESSFUL ATTACK MADE ON SATAN'S STRONGHOLDS.

"The progress of the Salvation Army in Brockville has of late been marked with success. The town authorities have been obliged to give in to the fact that they have a perfect right to establish themselves and carry on their meetings both in and out of doors. Yesterday was the day of their grand banquet and jubilee, and those who witnessed the parade of the Army last evening were no doubt persuaded that a successful attack had of late been made on Satan's strongholds. Yesterday evening while the soldiers and officers were awaiting the arrival of Capt. Bell at the Grand Trunk railway they held what is known as an open-air. After the arrival of the Captain, the Army under his command marched to their barracks. In the evening a welcome meeting was held in Victoria hall, which was very comfortably filled. In the afternoon the Adjutant arrived from Ottawa and led a holiness convention in the barracks. It was indeed a grand meeting for the soldiers and officers. The banquet in the evening proved to be one which will be remembered by the members of the Army for a long time to come. The tables, which fairly groaned with good things, were crowded with all classes of people. Too much praise cannot be given to the public, who, knowing the good work the Army is doing in town, showed their appreciation by sending in a large supply of eatables, to which one and all did ample justice. In the evening the jubilee was held, which proved a great success. The hall was completely filled with people, who eagerly drank in the experiences of the Army officers and soldiers as they came forward and told their stories. After the jubilee there was held an after meeting which was conducted by the Army in a manner which certainly showed that they meant what was proper and good to all."

The devil does not forget to hit back. The other night a man drove through our ranks, knocking down the Cadet and injuring her internally. Never mind, "we are killed all day long for Jesus, counted as sheep for the slaughter;" if they slaughter us we will go to heaven, so the devil will get [illegible] after all. Yes,

PERTH

is a hard nut to crack, but it is getting cracked. The powerful shots fired daily into the devil's ranks, are beginning to tell and five sinners got struck in a fatal spot on Sunday night, and came limping to the Great Physician, who applied the healing balm and made the wounded whole. Go in comrades, God will never see you stuck—debt and devil will fly before a man of God. The Captain informs me he is going to clear off all the debt in three months, and have a lot of sinners saved; and if we prove Him and try Him, He will do for us far more exceeding abundantly above what we can ask or think.

What's the matter with

CARLETON PLACE?

Nothing. What's the matter with the people? They are as full of the devil as an egg is full of meat. Well, how do they take to you? Oh, well, we have about 400 of an audience on Sunday night, who give about $1.00 collection and buy four War Crys, sometimes a few more. They are kind of prejudiced, are they not? Yes; and I sometimes don't wonder, when I think that already two so-called Armies have been here and skipped out. They say by their actions, "you belong to the same crowd," but, keep believing, they will soon gain confidence in us, when they come close enough to see our self-sacrificing life. Is anybody getting saved? Bless God, yes, every week some are seen crying for mercy. We are going up all around, and to God we give the glory.

Adj. McHardy.

FROM CHATHAM.

EXTRAORDINARY TIMES.

On Saturday, Sunday, and Monday there were great times at Blenheim, it being the birthday of that corps, and of course there must be a birthday party. A great many met together on Sunday to praise God for the wonderful growth [illegible] past year. Fourteen came out and with renewed vows promised God that they would give up at once everything that had kept them from a rapid growth in grace, so that the next year might be a better one than the past. God met with them and took away the sin from their hearts and set them free. At night two came out at the first invitation to give themselves to God, feeling that they were deep-dyed sinners. These were soon followed by another. Now we go down on our knees and ask God to save. A full surrender of self and sin, then God gives the witness that the work is done, we rejoice and praise God together, then go for a few hours' rest before the party, or, as we called it, the banquet. It was the talk of the town, and you should have seen the beautiful things that the friends brought in—turkeys, chickens, pies, and cakes almost without end—everyone who came was more than pleased. After all were satisfied with these things we formed outside for our march. It was grand, at least; then the meeting could not be described. At the end one dear man rushed from the back of the hall and cried for mercy. Those who came out on Sunday were on the platform, and told how God was blessing them. Early next morning a buss full of us started for Chatham to the great council and all-night meeting, which was a glorious time of power and blessing, and which the Military Secretary has already described in your columns.

Yours, pushing on,
Adjt. Evans.

FROM QUEBEC.

SIGNS OF A COMING RAIN.

Knowing of the work that was going on in this city, I boarded the train for the long tedious ride, buoyed up with expectancy for the blessed times in store at the end of the journey. Ah! there is the St. Lawrence, and I am soon crossing it on the little ferry-boat, and, as I look out through the windows and see the great floats of ice bearing down upon us, feeling the jar and hearing the crash as the little steamer bravely meets it and ploughs her way through, I look up and thank God for the power that enables us to bravely and successfully meet every obstacle.

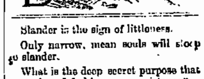
The landing and quarters are soon reached, and I find the lasses with smiling faces, whereas when last seen they were —— — being then strangers in a strange land. God always helps His own, and now they and this great salvation movement have friends in abundance, who have warm hearts within them. God bless them!

We met with the converts from 7 to 8, and experienced a blessed time; coming up into the hall we find it full of people and of God, and seed is sown which ripens for the morrow's harvest. Knee-drill was excellent, one soul was saved and great blessings poured into every heart.

At eleven o'clock one more soul steps from darkness into light. The afternoon open-air was held amid most unearthly noises, but God's hand was in all. The building was filled with an expectant crowd, and after faithfully dealing with them for over an hour, one man volunteered out and said, "I am well known here and have been afraid to come out boldly for God. I tried my best to get saved at home, but failed. I know what I am doing." He then got down and gave himself to God.

There was a regular jam at night—good attention. The words of life were eagerly drunk in, and after patient waiting upon God, and faithfully dealing with those in front of us, two more came out, seeking and finding forgiveness. A joyful wind-up, and everybody was glad they had done their duty, and determined to do it in the future, and bring practical results. As I start for other parts of the field, I praise God for victory, feeling that this is the mere beginning of gigantic work.

Adjt. Van Allen.



Slander is the sign of littleness.

Only narrow, mean souls will stoop to slander.

What is the deep secret purpose that controls and fashions your existence?

Is it God's glory and the world's Salvation?

Hosts of sinners are damned through sheer idleness—they are too lazy to save themselves.

Thousands and millions are on their way to perdition not the drunkards and harlots and criminals alone—but the Christless respectable.

Let there be no mistake, the saving of sinners is the business of the saints.

God is in full sympathy with us. He is a great deal more human than we have taken Him to be.

What a laughing-stock to hell is a light easy-going professor.

The baptism of the Holy Ghost means enthusiasm.

There is no denying the fact that the devil has got this present world in his power.

If you look sideways at God, He will look sideways at you.

If you look Him full in the face, ready to receive all He will give you, He will shower down His gifts without reservation.

He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness.

To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life.

Complete in Him, Christ is all in all.

A heart cannot be kept right until it has been put right, and that is the secret of the failure with some of you. You are trying to bring forth fruits before the tree is planted. You are looking for the fruits of a perfect heart before you have got one.

LOST IN THE STREET!

Lost! Lost in the street!
What is it? A lady's fur?
Or is it a gentleman's purse,
Or a watch, chain, and seals complete
That is lost, lost in the street?

Oh, no, it is something worse?
Is it him or is it her?
A woman, whose smile was sweet;
But who can do nothing now but smile
Flatter, betray, and beguile—
A woman lost in the street!
A woman who calls herself "gay,"
But who knows she often is sad;
A woman whom none would greet,
Ruined, outcast, and bad,
Lost, lost in the street.

Is it him, or is in her?
It's a man, so-called "rough,"
Who can spring like a wolf, like a cur,
Who can snarl, yet be smooth enough
To fawn, and to cringe, and to steal.
Who can work (if he likes), and can drink;
But who's never learnt how to think,
To love, or to believe, or to feel:
A man who gain and can spend,
A man who never has known
What it is to have a friend,
Or to be one—even his own—
Lost, lost in the street!

It's a little girl, half-sized,
With visage sharp and thin;
It's a little girl, who's known
Nothing of life but its sin;
Who'll never be a woman grown,
Or be anything else but a thing
Dejected, rejected, despised.
Is't a ruby or is it a string
Of pearl that is linked with pearl?
It's a precious little girl,
That is lost, lost in the street!

Or perhaps it's a boy, an elf
That's neither at work nor at play;
Who's got an idea of himself
And of getting as much as he can;
Who's up to the time of day,
But who'll never grow up to a man,
Or be aught but a trickster and cheat,
A waif and a cast away,
Lost, lost in the street!

Now, woman, arise, and light
Your candle and search for gold!
Now, shepherds, away through the cold,
And the dark and the dews of night,
To bring back Thy sheep to Thy fold!
Now forth, O, ye servants meek,
Now forth, O, ye soldiers brave,
And haste forth the souls to seek.
That the Master died to save.

And if any should say of the gold,
'Too long it hath borne the dint
Of the tramping hoof in the mint;
It may not pass, nor be told
In the mart! And these sheep, behold—
These sheep, they are naught, are naught,
So long in the heat and the cold
They have wandered, unfed, unsought"
Then, tell them these sheep are *bought*.

They shall not again be sold;
Then, tell them, One cometh, behold!
His eyes are with flame alit,
He cometh to kindle fire;
He will long by His furnace sit,
Nor of fining His silver tire;
A King is He from old!
He comes not to measure nor mete,
He comes not for tax nor for toll;
He knoweth the worth of a soul,
Lost, lost in the street.

THE WAR IN OTHER LANDS

ENGLAND.

The war relaxes not its march in the old land. The General and Mrs. Booth have had a wonderful welcome, and held some remarkable meetings at Birmingham. The splendid Town Hall, one of the largest auditoriums in the world was granted for their use free of charge, and was packed to excess at every meeting. The General too, has been visiting the "Rescue Homes" in London, and was hailed with every demonstration of delight by the inmates to whom he gave lots of plain fatherly advice; so plain in fact that one poor girl said "anyone could understand him, even if they were insane."

Colonel Clibborn and La Maréchale were married at Congress Hall on the 8th of February, amidst most blessed surroundings. We hope in another issue to give interesting reports of the proceedings.

Colonel Ballington and wife are having glorious soul-saving times amongst the villages.

FRANCE and SWITZERLAND.

COLONEL CLIBBORN ON THE WAR PATH.

It is pitch dark when we reach the station of Allaman at night. It is pouring torents, and we are wondering how we will reach our destination, when a stentorian voice at the railway gate strikes up a song, and big "Robert" rushed upon us, and gives us some terrible hand-shakes, seizes our bags, and starts off at express speed into the night singing at the top of his voice. "But hold hard, Robert, where are we going? We can't see an inch! Havn't you got a lantern?"

The only reply is a tremendous burst of song, and as Robert goes through the mud, through the wood, through the briars—so Rabey and I see there is no hope but to hitch on to our locomotive. He seizes the tail of Robert's overcoat. I seize the tail of his, and so without being able to see an inch in the Egyptian darkness, our locomotive puffing and singing and shouting in front, we reach the first station after a quarter of an hour's run. This is Robert's house. A little two-roomed cabin by the roadside, very small, but very clean. The whole of the ceiling of the kitchen is hung with Indian corn and onions, so that there is barely room for our heads. The good mother welcomes us, all dripping as we are. Well may she say how thankful she is for The Salvation Army, for Robert was formerly a dreadful drunkard, and always in rows with Cailloz, who lives across the way, but since both have been saved in The Army, Robert and Cailloz are "the best friends in the world."

The walls of the little room were covered with "*En Avants*" (our French "War Cry"). "See," said the mother, as she pointed to one of them, "that is where I was when The Army came." I looked and read the word,

"DESPAIR."

It was in the following sentence at the side of the picture:—

"Sin means condemnation, misery, slavery, darkness, despair, cursing, hell!"

"That was where I was," said Madame Robert, "but now I am on this side," and I looked and read:—

"Holiness means peace, happiness, liberty, light, assurance, blessing, Heaven!"

Outside the house was a board on which they fix an "En Avant" to attract the passers by, and they give away old numbers they cannot sell in this canton.

Another quarter of an hour's march brought us to the house of Rawylor, a Vaudois peasant, about

SIX FEET THREE OF SALVATION.

He was the man who had locked his wife in the house for fear she might go to The Army open-air meeting by the lakeside and get mesmerised, but, thinking himself bullet-proof, went.

He had a great objection to women's ministry, but he had not listened to the Marechale for more than a few minutes than he was shot to the heart with conviction, and got saved next day. We had a very blessed time in the room of that little farmhouse, and never have we heard sweeter testimonies. From the two old people in the corner, who, in spite of the absence of nearly all their teeth, told how God had sent The Army in time to save them—down to the lads—all were testimonies of the greatest clearness and freshness.

INDIA.

The Canadian Contigent landed at Bombay on the 24th January. Lieutenant Squires had been sick during the passage, but had quite recovered. Lieutenant Nicholson had been more or less ailing since Christmas. Letters have been received from several others of the party and all seem in excellent health and spirits, and eager for the fray. All are getting well hold of the languages, and Capt. Parks had got through his first dish of rice, and finds it glory all the way. The day after, arrival 16 of the comrades proceeded to Gujarat, and Lieutenant Squires was ordered to Head Quarters, Colombo Ceylon.

Opening of Oakwood.

THE snow was deep on the ground, and the shadows of a cold night had set in as we leaped into the sleigh that was to speed over the ground between Lindsay and Oakwood. The scenes of the recent Lindsay persecutions, and the remembrances of unjust tribunals faded from our memory, and away we hasted on our journey, our hearts uplifted to God for a good opening.

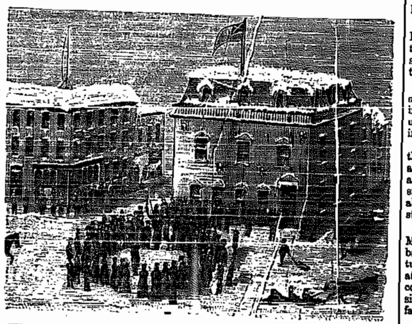
There is a sudden stop, and all hands quickly turn out on learning that we have arrived. We are soon seated round the cosy fire of a comfortable farm house, and after a few minutes are ready for the engagement.

The Lindsay Brass Band soon have their instruments thawed and led on by Adjutant Bolton, we leave our barracks for the first Salvation Army march ever witnessed in this quaint sequestered village. Little groups of eager faces stood on the street corners. Some daring to approach somewhat near as we held a short open air. Returning we find the barracks full. The guns were levelled, and from the time the first shot was fired till the close of that Saturday night's engagement, the presence of God was blessedly near.

The Sanday's meetings were most powerful, and yet how painful it was to see such haughty resistance to the Holy Spirit. At night the crowd was tremendous, every available space occupied, and even the windows were utalized by the crowd outside who were unable to get in. Such a meeting! we shall never forget it. If ever men and women heard the straight truth, it was the people of Oakwood, on that night. One soul was won for the Kingdom, and knowing that God would reap unto Himself a more abundant harvest, we felt a thousand times repaid for the day's toil. We commend the officers who are to be left in charge to Him who is mighty to keep, and after another long cold drive safely arrive at Lindsay, full of the war-spirit and ready for further engagements.

O. T. P.

A big heart always judges itself more severely than it judges others. It is not harsh and proud towards sinners, even towards the vilest of them. It forgets the exterior and remembers only the soul which is more precious in the eyes of God than ten worlds. It is willing to be a vagabond on the face of the earth to save one of them.



The old Rallying Ground—Guelph Square. (See page 2)

CEYLON.

THE BATTLE'S CLOSING SCENE.

By the glimmer of one small lamp I am sitting (it is all that we can afford to burn when not in active engagement). The evening's attack is over. By my side sits the dear old native Officer, whom I call "mother"; on the other side is a dear Soldier of the true Gujarati jungle stamp; while another sits at my feet, squeezing them to make me feel fresh, and scratching my skin to relieve me of the irritableness to which I suppose all our new European Officers will be more or less subjected.

Pointing to one of the Soldiers, the Captain says, "Look, Isu Charu! This sepoy was beaten dreadfully last Sunday, so and so, and so and so," with each of these expressions imitating the blow of a stick upon the arm, the face, the back, and the head, "and it was his brother who did it," she continued, "because he had got mukti and would not give it up." And the Soldier in question looked into my face with an expression of peace and joy, which indicated that he meant to remain faithful in the fight, evidently believing that

PEACE RIDES ON BATTLE'S CAR,

and that those will enjoy the most of that quiet innate who do not shirk the din of war.

GUJARAT.

WAR NOTES

"Joyfully we stand to witness
He is still to-day the same."

God is still on our side, and the canvass of our Candidate is being pressed with vigor and success.

The Commissioner had a rousing time at Ottawa last Sunday, and the Imperiel Corps was stirred up and many souls saved. We understand "War Cay" was there, so a rattling report may be expected.

Last Sunday morning there were ninety present at 7 o'clock knee-drill in Winnipeg, and thirty-four prisoners were captured for the week; there were also twenty-one souls at Brandon. We don't know where the mercery was, but probably it had not been seen there lately. Private intelligence says that Salvation is a long way above fever heat.

The imitation devil having been well whipped in the States appears to have cast his longing eyes on the Dominion, and is making a raid here and there in the eastern divisions. Of course, he is well wrapped up in a sheep's skin, but some how the horns will pop out at inconvenient times, and the Canadian public are too well acquainted with the "original S. A." to be deceived for long.

The Prophetess and party in the Barrie Division are having rousing times, crowded meetings, and seeking sinners as well as delighted audiences testify as to the success of the tour.

The Minstrel too is stirring up things, and the Home of Rest, etc., are being benefitted materially by this tour. We understand that there are to be some increased efforts in the special direction.

The first consignment of chickens for the Home of Rest arrived a few days after our appeal all alive, oh! But although we have looked up and down street several times we have not been able to get a glimpse of that cow, yet still we are believing.

We are sorry to report that Major Mobley does not improve and the probabilities are that he will perforce return to England. Staff-Lieut Paul is at the Home of Rest in a very debilated condition. Please remember all our sick every day in your private and family prayers.

Our comrades in Lindsay jail write in good spirits, and speak in glowing terms of the kindness of their jailors. We are quite sure they are never forgotten at the throne.

Old Richmond got her new colors the other night, at a bumping banquet. A deep spirit of unity and love prevailed the proceedings, and one could well imagine that the shades of Madden and Clement revisited again the place where their memory is still so green. We are glad the Mother corps is in a state of red hot progress just now, and we are believing for an improved appearance in the fort itself.

The best authority assures us that in every division, and all round, things were never in a better state spiritually, or more souls being won for the Master.

WAR SCRIBE.

ARROWS.

If your arrows are not well directed they will hurt nobody, and be wasted.

If they strike, they will wound, the wounded one will cry out perhaps, and there will be a row.

If you do not want a row you had better be a bad marksman, or not fire at all.

The man who is out-and-out for God will always be out of friendship with the world.

Religion does not make man CHILDISH, but CHILD-LIKE.

DIVISIONAL REPORT

MONTREAL.

WATERLOO.—Capt. Low. This morning finds us well saved and rejoicing over another week of victory. Hallelujah! God has been with us and helped us wonderfully. The meetings have been good all week; deep conviction all over the place, and, best of all, we have captured seven souls from the devil's grasp and have enlisted them in the ranks of our King. Holiness meeting Sunday morning was a blessed time to our souls, and many who had lived only half-hearted before came out and were filled with the Spirit of God, and left determined to live entirely for Him. Holy living will win this place for our King.

NORTH COATICOOKE.—Captain McMahon. Sunday was a glorious day; very good crowds, and God's Spirit took hold of the hearts of the people, and two poor, sin-sick souls, tired of the devil's service, came to Jesus and professed to find peace in believing. Many more were deeply convicted.

COATICOOKE.—Capt. Way. This village has many religious privileges, yet there are a great many people here whom the devil is deluding and leading down the broad way to destruction through pride and self esteem, but we can praise God for victory. Two precious souls volunteered out to the foot of the Cross at Holiness meeting, and died, as good as His promise, set them at liberty. In the afternoon they were on the platform and testified to God's saving power. Good meetings all week

Capt. Way.

SHERBROOKE, P.Q.

Thursday we had a Praise meeting, one of our soldiers jumped up and said it was no wonder he felt like praising God, for God had taken away the desire for drink. He started to drink when he was eight years of age; the desire got stronger and stronger till at last he was very seldom sober. Ten months ago he came to hear the Army heard that God could take away the desire for liquor, so he came to King Jesus, and the work was done, and he had no desire now. Others also testified of God's saving and keeping power, at the close one young man came to our Saviour and found peace and pardon. Sunday was indeed a time of power; we marched Sanday afternoon to Upper Town; as we sung "We will gird on the Armour," the snow and ice came thick and fast, one of our brothers got his face badly scratched, but he did not mind, we were marching the streets for Jesus; we had a real free and easy meeting inside; two souls for the week; we march, victory or death.

Capt. Turner.

PETERBORO.

FENELON FALLS.

Bless God for Salvation. During the past week we had some blessed times, God has been doing large things for us. We have had some blessed meetings, large crowds of people, Holiness meetings times of power. One dear sister that has been keeping back part of the price came and laid all on the altar, she had a very hard struggle, but seeing if she wanted happiness she would have to keep her eye single upon God, so after some tears and struggling she sang,

"Christ is all in all to me,
And His glory I shall see;
And, oh, my blessed Saviour,
I leave all to follow Thee."

We expect e're long to see her at the front of the battle. Sunday from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m. showers of blessing. At night we went into our Salvation meeting singing "There is a better land, they say, Oh so bright," and the power came down and filled every heart, and as our dear comrade, J. Brokenshire, farewelled for the field deep conviction rested on the people. Next comes the Captain will read a few verses from Father's word, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation?" After some straight shots and everyone seeing there was no possible way of escape, two precious souls came right out, gave God their hearts and started for heaven; others promised to come some night this week. The angels in heaven rejoiced and so did we. We went home glad the devil had been defeated and God glorified. We mean to conquer through the blood of the Lamb.

Capt. W. Pink.

COBOURG.

Oh, my, look at the crowd,
Jesus is leading the Army;
The devil crys out there isn't a doubt,
But there goes the Salvation Army.

Jesus still lives to save in Cobourg, the past week God has been saving in a mighty manner. For a long time it seemed that all hell was let loose in a quiet way and the devil has been having a full swoop, but victory has came at last. I am sure God shall win for He is leading the Army. God helps us to rejoice this week at seeing five souls seek and find pardon. Since last report 15 came to Jesus for pardon and rose from their knees rejoicing. Big things expected here yet for God.

Capt. J. Dyson.

PETERBORO.

A FAREWELL TO THE SAINTS, AND A LOT FAREWELL TO THE DEVIL.

Glory to God in the highest! He has been leading us by His almighty power in the past week; meetings have been good all week. Monday night one soul volunteered out for Salvation. Thursday night great dedication meeting when one child was dedicated to the Lord, and at the close one poor soul that was miserable on account of sin came forward and dedicated all to God. We should give God all, not keeping back part of the price for fear the same fate would befall us as befell Ananias and Sapphira of olden time. Friday night as Cadet Bacon farewelled for the field, many were in tears, she being a faithful Soldier of the 112th corps. We all joined in a "God bless you," and a shake of the hand, praying that God will use her in bringing many souls to His bleeding feet. Saturday and Sunday being our farewell meetings Captain had to go off to open Oakwood as our Lindsay comrades were in jail. Best of all the great Captain of our Salvation was with us, glorious meetings all day. As we warned the people to flee from the wrath to come, five farewelled to sin, drink and the devil. We say good-bye to our comrades here, leaving them in the arms of Jesus to meet them on the golden street. Closed the week—seven for Salvation and six for clean hearts.

Cadet Currell.

KINGSTON.

NAPANEE.

CLEAN HEARTS AND CLEAN MOUTHS.

God is indeed working wonderfully here in Napanee. One testimony alone given last Saturday is enough to convince any one of the saving power of God. It was the experience of a man about 65 years old, who said that for fifty years he never went inside a church except at a funeral service. He was a noted drunkard and would drink from twenty-five to thirty glasses of liquor in a day. At last, seeing the extent to which he was going, he made his mind he would "taper off," and so he came down to seven or eight glasses a day, until one day while in company, to his surprise, he found he was drinking as much as ever; and so he made up his mind to stop it altogether. This kept on for some time, and at last he came to God in the Salvation Army. He gave up his gambling and drinking and other sins without a great deal of difficulty; but his tobacco he could not nor would not give up, and consequently could not get right. It went on like this for some time until a month ago he came again to God and laid pipe and tobacco on the altar, and from that time to this has testified to a clean heart and a clean mouth. Praise God for such a Saviour Who can save to the uttermost. We closed the week with five sinners and one backslider in the fountain. All glory to Jesus.

Capt. Rees.

ODESSA.

FALSE PROPHETS.

Our number is increasing. When we first came in this village, the people gave us two weeks—after that there would be no more of us. But five months have past away, and here we are to-day. The devil is loosing ground. Six left the ranks of the devil, and are now walking in the light of our God.

Capt. Hart.

PICTON—Capt. W. Bell. Praise God, right is sure to win and being led by our Capt., Jesus, we march in amidst the foes, and three volunteers step out from sin to work and live for God and eternity.

CANIFTON.—Lieut. Hurtry. Thank God for what He is doing in this place. Sunday night one prodigal returned home, and many more are convicted, and we believe they will soon be converted.

NEWBURGH.—Capt. Albert. Praise God for victory this week. Eight precious souls have left the devil's side, and come over on the Lord's side.

BARRIE.

STAYNER.—Cadet Arkett. No doubt you will begin to think that this place and the faithful few have given up the fight. Praise the dear Lord His blessed Spirit has been and is with us. Friday night one sister got the burden of her heart rolled away. Saturday night, a sing-song, which was a success, one of our comrades sang a song in his own tongue (Scotch) and experience after, the people were held spellbound. Sunday was a blessed day, in the afternoon it was a melting time, as testimonies were given, God's Spirit filled the place, and as soldiers and christians stood on their feet, and gave themselves more fully to God's service, many rejoiced. At night, God was with us in mighty power, but none would yield. We are believing for a mighty smash. God grant it.

GRAVENHURST.—Capt. Ham We are having some blessed seasons with the Lord, although there are not as many souls getting saved as there ought to be, but thank God a few are stepping over the line. Hallelujah! Since our last report souls have been saved and are now marching in our ranks on to victory. Yesterday (Sunday) we had a very profitable day, led by Staff Capt. Bailey. From knee-drill until the last moment of the day we felt God very near us. Marches good, crowds good, at 6.30. p.m., 40 officers sat in council to listen to the Staff, as he gave us words of encouragement and advice, after which every soldiers heart must have leaped forth and said, yes! I'll be be more true and desperate in winning souls for Christ. We are steadily marching on with His banner waving o'er us.

THORNBURY.—Lieut. Merret. Here we are again, and still the cleansing blood is flowing over our hearts keeping us clean, and as happy as little children around a pot of jam. We have had no souls this week, but there are a lot of them under conviction, and we have great hopes of soon seeing many of them coming to Jesus. God help them.

MONCTON.

HILLSBORO.

YES ITS GETTING BETTER.

Its very hard for me to explain or try to say with my pen, what glorious times we have had through the past week. Soldiers and converts are rejoicing in a full salvation, and sinners are in a fair way to be saved. We rejoice with the angels in heaven over eight sinners repenting, and are believing for more to follow. Lieut. Read.

NEWCASTLE.

LOOKING UP ALL ROUND.

Things are looking up in our town, the devil is looking up too, he made quite a row on Saturday night, and we said Hallelujah! We like to see him interested a bit, then we know he smells danger. However, we have got one to stand out for God, and one sister who some time ago left the fold, returned, to find the Saviour perfectly willing to accept her; four for holiness. This does not satisfy us, we want more souls for Jesus.

Capt. McDonald.

PETITCODIAC.—Lieut. Luke. Hallelujah! During the past week we have proved God's power to keep. A blessed week to our souls, one that shall never be forgotten, for the oil of joy filled our hearts so full that we could not keep from singing praises to our God for what He has done for our souls. Where once was sin and wickedness, now it is love, peace, and joy. Glory be to God! We are going right in and do all we can for God and precious souls. Victory is our song.

YARMOUTH.

Yarmouth warriors bold and brave
Are fighting for King Jesus,
Ruined souls are being cleansed from
Many years' diseases,
Out of darkness into light
Upon the Rock of Ages.
Twelve precious souls were brought last week,
Hallelujah! but still the devil rages.

Lieut. Northoy.

LIVERPOOL.—Capt. DeGeire. Since our last report, the Lord has wonderfully blessed us. We have had to stand and behold the perishing souls crying out for mercy, and with glad hearts have listened to the first testimonies for years. Seventeen prisoners and eleven back-sliders in two weeks, and at our holiness meeting last Friday night, sixty-one came out for a clean heart, and all that made a full surrender got it. Praise God for holiness! Believing for more. All for Jesus.

QUEBEC.

QUEBEC II.

We praise God for victory. God is working mightily in our midst, This past week seven have professed to come to the fountain and had all their sins washed away. God's Spirit is working mightily on the hearts of the people, many are under deep conviction. As we visit the people at their homes, some weep over their sins, and some of them have professed to give their hearts to God. Yesterday we had with us Adjt. Van Allen, good meetings all day, crowded building at night; but best of all five souls for the day. Hallelujah! There is still being a grand work done in Quebec, and we are believing for greater victory's still. Cadet Lott.

HAMILTON.

HAGERSVILLE.—Capt. New. I guess some of your readers will be wondering whether we are dead or backslidden, or what is become of us, but I am pleased to inform them, through your columns, we are still nicely saved at the front of the battle yet and fighting against sin, sham and the devil, determined to conquer through the precious blood of Jesus. We have not seen as many coming to the Cross as we would like since we have been here, but there are many deeply convicted, and we are believing a lot of them will soon be seen at Jesus feet crying for mercy. Our meetings, both private and public, are times of soul refreshing and power, and by the help of God we are determined they shall be times of soul-saving.

PORT DALHOUSIE.—Capt Syer. Jesus still lives in Port Dalhousie. His power has been felt in our midst. Two backsliders have given themselves to Him. More to follow, for God is still working.

PORT DOVER.—Capt. R. Smith. Last night we farewelled to Port Dover after six months fighting. During that time quite a few have sought and found the pearl of greatest price, and a number sanctification. Thank God, we leave a band of Soldiers who promise to be true to God and the Army. One soul for the week.

SIMCOE.

ANOTHER WARNING.

To-day our hearts are made to rejoice over the victories of the past week. It has indeed been a time that shall be remembered throughout all eternity. We begin the week by seeing a dear man, who had walked seven miles to be converted, fall at Jesus feet and find peace to his weary, sin-sick soul. Tuesday, while going up the street on our Father's business, we see clouds of smoke ascending from a burning building in which had been employed a number of men and women, and as we see the flames arise, it was not only to see the building burn, but to know that a dear man, who had been in our meeting only the Sunday night before, but had left the building many times before rejecting Jesus, was perishing in the flames, and we fear to-day is crying with the lost. His life had been one of sin, and when he was least expecting it death overtook him. Sinner, take warning. As we met for roll-call we felt the need of getting more of God, and He did indeed baptize us afresh with the power they had on Penticost. Wednesday night we see the results—one poor sinner, and three backsliders came to Jesus. Friday, one more for salvation. Saturday, another; and on Sunday five more weary souls, and one more backslider found Jesus as their Saviour, making 18 for the week. We believe our God shall have Simcoe by-and-by. Our comrades who have just got converted are making real Blood-and-Fire Soldiers, and are doing their best to get their comrades saved. We believe in holy living, and victory is sure. Capt. Maddsn.

DUNDAS.

THE DEVIL vs. IRISH ANNIE. FUN COMING.

Still living yet, and while there is life there is hope. Four weeks ago we took charge of this sin-benighted little town, and although we can't see very much fruits as yet, still there are three or four who have professed to be saved since then. Our crowds are small, of an average we have not more than forty or fifty to talk to, and most of them backsliders who only laugh when spoken to about Salvation. The devil has a mortgage on this place, and the people seem very indifferent as to whether they obtain freedom or not. We mean to warn them and if they do not heed our skirts will be clear of their blood. Lord save them is our prayer.

Capt. Annie Maxwell.

ELMWOOD.—Cadet Simpson. Since we have re-opened Elmwood God has indeed been working among the hard harted sinners of this place. Last Sunday afternoon as a few of us met for our meeting we felt the power of God in our midst, and at the close four sinners fell at the bleeding feet of Jesus and got grandly saved. Thank God we are determined to fight on and live holy lives, and we believe Elmwood will yet be won for Jesus.

PALMERSTON.

HANOVER.

FEELING GOOD THINGS FROM DOOR TO DOOR

Thank God, the past few weeks He has been working wonderfully in our midst. Soldiers getting nearer to God, and the Holy Spirit working mightily on the hearts of the unsaved. Yesterday, Sunday, good meetings all day; at night God was with us in power, as we talked to the sinners they sat in their seats weeping but would not yield. We have had some blessed times the past week while visiting some that were not able to get out to our meetings who once had the love of God in their hearts, had grown cold, and while praying, promised God to live nearer to Him, and many others who were cast down cheered them up and left them happy, resting on God's promises. Thank God, we can take Jesus to those who cannot come to us.

Capt. Ballantyne.

PAISLEY.

TESTIMONIES AT OUR TRADES MEETING.

No. 1. Thanked God that he was saved, and could stand before the people in his working clothes. God blessed him at his work as well as in the hall. 2. The saved miller rejoiced that his pride had been washed away, and though struck with snow balls on the march, it only made him shout Hallelujah! and filled his heart with love to God. 3. Said many's the dollar this old collar-rod has earnt only to be used in drink and gambling, but God had saved him from all sin and he rejoiced in liberty from old habits. 4. The saved tailor said, many's the dollar them shears had made for him but it had only bornt a hole in his pocket until it was spent in drink; he thanked God the Salvation Army ever came to Paisley, it was the means in God's hands of picking him out of the gutter of sin. 5. The saved farmer stood with the pitch-fork in hand, he had seen the time when he used to worship his work, if his work went all right he did not care for anything else, but now he had come to God and got right in his soul and is kept so by the grace of God. 6. The saved Photographer praised God for giving him the light and the image of His dear Son, in his heart he was glad to say since he had come to the Salvation Army penitent-form, liquor had never crossed his lips and he did not go around now with a plug of tobacco in his cheek, God is wonderfully keeping him from sin. 7. The saved housemaid sang "Will you! will you! heed the Warning," and she knew it was good to serve God in the kitchen, the Saviour had washed all her pride away, and she was not ashamed to march and carry a broom for Jesus, and the saved dressmaker being the Captain, could tell how God had saved her in early youth, and had kep her soul through all the years of working at her trade, and how she had found it good to make her business bend to God's will. We all rejoiced together in an ever present Saviour, and were glad to say that the common people heard Him gladly

Capt. Wellwood.

DURHAM.—Capt Goodwin. The people here are very hard to deal with. They come to the meetings and listen to all we have to say, but when we ask them to come to God, we always hear the old story, not to-night, some other time will do. We fear if they still put off the strivings of God's spirit, much longer their cry will be, "It is too late." Oh! may the Lord save them before they pass from time into eternity.

WALKERTON.—Capt. Fletcher. Hallelujah! We have this past week realized that God was leading us on and we are believing for victory. We can sing "The day of victory's coming" and we are going in for it. We can see many who need a Saviour and we are praying and working that God may save them.

DRAYTON.—Capt. Gamoy. It would be impossible to tell you all that God has done for us during the past week. Our meetings have been indiscribable, we had Staff-Capt. Griffiths, and Capt. Wiggins with us Friday, they did us good service, and Major with us Saturday and Sunday. Blessed time, two souls for the week.

CLINTON.—Capt. Lewis. We can praise God this morning for the way He has led us this past week. Yesterday was a blessed day to our souls. From early morning the dear Lord was with us in power, although there were no visible results, yet we are going to take God at His word; and He has said my word shall not return unto Me void.

WIARTON.

WAKING UP.

Wiarton braves on the move both in soul and body; awaking up the devil. Holy Ghost times all week, good crowds, good marches, good open-airs, dealing with people earnestly, devil raging, tried to drive over us but we stood our ground and poured forth the Gospel truths. War Cry sale going up, everybody anxious to know the way to the King's city. Sunday crowning time, barracks so full many had to be turned away—15 for cleansing. At night one poor backslider volunteered; closed the week with one sinner and two prodigals.

Capt. May.

TORONTO.

TEMPLE CORPS.

HALLELUJAH TIMES.

The past week has been a week of victory, and sinners have been converted in every meeting. On Monday night we had a long row of penitents, amongst whom was a poor woman who had spent most of her time in prison—in fact, she had only just come out—but God destroyed the desire of drink, turned out the legion of devils and made her a new creature in Christ Jesus, and, to-day, she is saved, happy, and praising God for what He has done for her. Tuesday night as we were having our Soldiers' meeting two men came and knocked at the door (one a poor drunkard) and asked if they could come in and get saved; of course the doorkeeper was up to his work and said, "Yes, on condition you go straight to the penitent-form." They said they would and God saved them, and now they are both fighting for God. On Wednesday night we saw some more crying to God for mercy, and, thank God they obtained it. Thursday night we announced for a happy couples meeting, soon after seven the doors were opened and the crowd began to come in, and 70 soldiers with brass band march off to upset the devil or someone else. Inside the platform was occupied by the married couples who were to take part. One dear soldier whispers to me "Capt. this is better than knocking the children about and kicking the wife, ' I'm sure it was to see him with a red guernsey on, and his dear wife with her little one by her side. It did our hearts good to hear these dear men tell what God had saved them from, and the wife would tell about the change at home. One woman said, before my husband was saved I thought I was all right and he was all wrong, but when God saved him. I could see he was right and I was wrong, so I came the next night and got saved; and now they both are saved, and the five children are little soldiers. Our Friday night's holiness meetings are getting grand, in fact every one looks forward for them to come, for times of power and blessing. On Saturday night, what a sight at our penitent-form, six poor drunkards, one a poor man all in rags, and had been fighting and had received a terrible wound over side of his eye. Ah! says he, I have proved the way of the transgressor is hard, this is what sin and the devil has done, but if God will only pardoned a wretch like me, I will serve Him in the future. Another dear woman who had only just come out of prison, had spent 22 months there this last time, but she rolled the burden at the Saviour's feet, and bless His Name he took her in, and to-day she is telling what God has done for her. On Sunday, all day God was with us in mighty power. In the morning; 70 of us split up into brigades and bombarded nearly the whole of St. John's Ward. Last week we had 30 open-airs, and we find its better than 5 or 6. Afternoon was good, night was better, for we saw 11 souls wend their way to Calvary.

Capt. Baker.

RICHMOND STREET, (1st Canadian).

SHOUTING SOLDIERS AND A SICK DEVIL.

On Monday evening as we opened fire for another week each Soldier examined the priming of their ammunition, and with everything held in readiness, we sallied forth to meet the enemy. The very first gun seemed to be well aimed, and as we retreated to the barracks, we opened a terrific fire on the enemy. After three hours hand-to-hand fighting, we heard their bugle sounding the retreat, (a call we do not have in the S. A.) leaving 16 prisoners, with many wounded on the field. Hallelujah! God help us to demoralize the enemy. Tuesday evening found 94 Soldiers reloading their guns, and one glance at the old Richmond street veterans with their faces burning with the love of Jesus, spoke volumes for God. We must add we got wonderfully blessed. Wednesday and Thursday found souls at the penitent-form for pardon. When we found ourselves at the holiness-meeting, the place seemed charged with power. The meeting from the first to the finish, was indiscribable, wave after wave of glory deluged our souls, throwing some on their faces, others shouting, and the most of os saturated with love. Hallelujahs! sounded through the barracks, and it told the people that the S. A. was one mighty moving power for God. At the invitation 18 came out for a clean heart, and 2 for pardon. Glory! Saturday 5 prisoners surrendered and found pardon. Sunday morning found 80 Soldiers to knee-drill at 7, and we enjoyed a wonderful blessing. Holiness meeting grand, afternoon free-and-easy was full of life and power, and at the close 4 came forward for pardon; just like Jesus He set them free, and the evening after dealing straight of death, hell, and judgement, 12 came out for pardon, found peace, and went on their way rejoicing. We had over crowded meetings afternoon and evening, and hundreds turned away from doors. We closed the week's fight with a hallelujah wind up, 41 prisoners, 5 backsliders, and a large number for holiness. Glory be to God.

Capt. Archibald.

SUTTON WEST.

4 SINNERS AND BACKSLIDERS.

This morning we do praise God for His goodness, not only in regard to ourselves but the way the Spirit has been working among the people. We have seen four sinners saved and telling of the great change of heart, and also four prodigals came back again to the God that so loved them that He never left them alone nor gave them any peace till they came back again. Yet there are others that plead not to-night "why give me time to think," but we will still keep praying and believing.

Lieut. Richards.

ORONO.—Capt. Cross. Since coming to this place we have proved that Jesus is not only able to keep us, but He has been saving other precious souls. Praise God! two precious souls have left the paths of sin, and made a start for Heaven. we are praying, working, believing, and trusting Jesus for greater things yet.

UNIONVILLE—Capt. Haldane. Thank God this morning finds us properly saved after a hard and rough weeks fight, although the devil has been trying his best to get in our ranks, yet thank God, we are yet pressing on to Heaven. We have had meetings of power, and this past seven days will never be forgotten by the Unionville leaves.

UXBRIDGE.—Capt. Kitching. Praise God this morning our trust is in Him, the past week has been one of glorious victory in our souls, and thank God we have sure, some prodigals returning to their father's house; but as we look around us and see the numbers who are yet in the grasp of the devil, our prayer is "Lord show us how to do more for their salvation." The Lord is working in our midst, and we believe as yet we have only had the droppings before the shower. We are determined to do all we can to bring the people of this town to Jesus.

OSHAWA.

CATHEDRAL SERVICES.

Hallelujah! The past week has been one of victory, over sin and the devil. There was rejoicing among the angels in Heaven, over five precious souls won for the Master; and we helped them all we could. We are believing for mightier times yet, although we are out of the hall most of the time it does not prevent us from fighting the devil. Soldiers are more in earnest about souls, and determined to have the victory. God grant it.

Capt. Gago.

RIVERSIDE—Capt. Howell. Since you last heard from us we have had some wonderful times, thirteen souls have come to God within the last nine days. Our Holiness and soldiers meetings are grand, soldiers going in for more holy living. Good crowds.

BOWMANVILLE.

ANTI-TOBACCO MEETING.

On Saturday night instead of having a saved drunkard's meeting, we had the comrades to give their experience how that the Lord had saved them from the use of tobacco. It was a grand success, and on Sunday at the holiness meeting one brother came to Jesus and asked Him to take the appetite for tobacco from him, another dear brother spoke of it being a filthy habit, also of its robbing the families of those who use it of the money which ought to go towards making them comfortable. We have also to report the return of two prodigals and two prisoners set at liberty.

Capt. Fielder.

LAMBTON MILLS.

FOOLS CAP ALL OVER! LOST A SPECIAL AND FOUND THREE BABIES.

Along the streets could be seen sheets of fools cap paper tacked up announcing great special Salvation meetings for Sunday—Special Lewis to the front. Sunday came—Special could not arrange to be with us so we start off believing for some one to come to help us from Toronto. We had not gone far when we heard a great Hallelujah, we look back and see three jolly Head-quarters boys, so we fire a volley and all start off to meeting confident of victory. Morning meeting a proper heart-searching time. Afternoon, a long march through the sleet. We had the Saviour with us and were blessed every step of the way. Good time inside. 7.30 finds us on our knees wrestling with God to save; we rise up feeling sure something was going to be done. Meeting went with a good swing, the presence of God seemed to fill the hall, and before we close the meeting many were deeply convicted and one poor tottering drunkard at the Saviour's feet crying for mercy and pardon. A few weeks ago a man came to our meeting who at one time if spoken to about Salvation would get angry, but we dealt with him about his soul, he went away without any visible change. The other day a letter came which says since the time he was at the meeting he has been a changed man. He now asks a blessing at the table, thanks God for what he gets, and for helping him at his work, has family prayer. In fact all old things have passed away, behold all things have become new. Hallelujah! God tells us His word shall not return unto Him void, so on we go determined to

"Wage more war down by Humber River."

Lieut. C. Rose.

LONDON.

ST. MARY'S.—Captain Matthews. The Lord is working in a marvellous manner here, and some who before now have been hardened against the word of God are falling beneath the Spirit's power. We rejoice to report two out for holiness, one more for salvation, and great conviction this week. We shall conquer, for we know we have true Blood-and-Fire Soldiers in St. Mary's Corps.

SARNIA.

Here we come rejoicing, Bringing sinners in.

Blessed season this past week. God has been glorified and sinners have been saved. We have had souls every public meeting except one. Monday night, two backsliders; Wednesday, four in the fountain; Thursday, one; Saturday, one; Sunday, one. Eight, we believe, found the Saviour. More to follow. Capt. Jones.

WATFORD.—Capt. Eddie Kelly. We can say to-day that God is with us. During the past week we have felt much of the presence of God, and as we realized every moment that our all belongs to God we could sing with our whole heart, "Oh, the peace the Saviour gives." On Thursday we had a praise and promise meeting, and one backslider returned. Holiness meeting just beautiful on Friday night, and on Sunday afternoon one more backslider returned, and also professed to get right. Oh, that the showers of blessing may fall on us.

WYOMING.

REVELATION OF THE SPIRIT.

Although for some time back there has been a great struggle between light and darkness, but light is getting the victory to such a degree that Soldiers and Christians have been prostrated under the mighty power of God. A Soldier from Forest was with us on Thursday night, and while in the prayer meeting he fell as one that was shot, and you could not awake him. After he came to I asked him what he saw. He told me about the angels and the beautiful music he had seen and heard; and, to be short, be said if Heaven was one quarter as good as the sight he saw it would be grand. I thought what must it be to be there, and then that passage came to my mind where it says, "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for those that love Him; but He hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit." We are able to close, reporting two out for pardon and four for cleansing.

Capt. Chamberlin.

CHATHAM.

WINDSOR, ONT.

TRANSFORMATIONS, INFIDEL! SINNER!! SAINT!!!

Another week of victory has just closed with five precious souls. In the Holiness Meeting the Glory of God filled the place, and one came out for sanctification. The afternoon and night meetings were grand times, and from the singing of the first song till we went into the prayer-meeting, tears could be seen in the peoples' eyes. Soldiers and christians were full of faith, so that when the invitation was given, four came forward and found the Saviour, one of these was a man who had been a drunkard for 29 years. He came into our meetings about two weeks ago, told us he was too bad, and that God would never save him. He has been in the meeting nearly every night since, till at last he was obliged to give himself up to God. He did so and got up with a face beaming with joy, and told us he was saved. Another of these had for a long time professed infidelity, but found out that he was a real sinner, and to the joy of his heart found a real Saviour.

Capt. Daymond.

NOTE.—In the last report of this place there was an error. It was the "Chief-of-Police who attended the meeting during the visit of Staff-Capt. Bailey," and not the Mayor as reported.] EDITOR.

ESSEX CENTRE.—Capt. Wright. This past week we have seen and felt God working in a wonderful manner. Friday night Holiness meeting, a real heart-searching time, and two prodigals weary of their life of sin came home to their Father's house. Meetings all day Sunday good. As we opened our hearts at kneedrill, God started to fill us with his Spirit, and in the Holiness meeting fourteen sought and found cleansing in the Saviour's blood. At night a time when the Angels rejoiced over two more seeking their Father's face.

LEAMINGTON.—Capt. Rowe. We can report victory this week through the blood, though we have had to fight against the powers of darkness, yet Jesus has been leading us on. While visiting this week one dear sister cried for mercy, and she found pardon and peace at the cross, Glory to God. Holiness meeting a time of power, God revealed himself, oh what wrestling with God, as they sang with tears streaming down their cheeks, "here I give my all to Thee." God spoke to every heart, pipe, tobacco, all laid on the altar. One man said he had been a chewer of tobacco for 30 years he said he had often tried to give it up but failed, but when he prayed and trusted God he got the victory. Another brother said Friends I was a desperate smoker, I almost wallowed in tobacco, I had such an appetite for it, I used to get up in the night to smoke, but God has taken the desire for it all away, and I have not touched it now for six months, its nothing but the power of God that has done it. Grand meeting Sunday, sinners weeping two fell in the fountain, five for the week.

NEWBURY.

AN OUT-DOOR FIGHT.

Another week has passed never to be recalled again, but, Hallelujah! we have been trusting in God and trying to lift up Jesus to a dying world, and, although we have not seen any fruits, yet we could see tears steal down some cheeks, and we knew that God's spirit was working in their hearts and we are praying and believing that the Spirit will keep on working until they are compelled to yield. The past week has been one of blessing; although we have had to give up our hall, yet God stood by us on the street and, as we lifted Jesus up to the people, we believe many of them felt more than ever that we truly were God's children, and that it was God we were fighting for. Yestorday, Sunday, meetings were grand all day. As we met for knee-drill, although but six in number, yet God met with us, and oh! how our souls were filled. Afternoon, as we stood on the street, with the rain pouring down, we also felt the blessing of God streaming down into our souls. Hallelujah! At night, after our open-air meeting, we met in our quarters for a little Salvation meeting, where twenty-three gathered to hear the old, old story once more, and as the Soldiers told them what Jesus had done for them, and what He was waiting to do for all that would come to Him, we could see some with deep conviction stamped on their faces. We are believing for a smash. "Praise God all things work together for good to them that love Him," so that after a week in the open-air we feel stronger than ever, our feet are firmer on the rock, therefore we'll fight right on until the battle is won. Hallelujah! Lieut. Robinson.

KINGSVILLE.

THE OLD-TIME RELIGION AND AN OLD-TIME REPORT.

Glory to God! the wave of Salvation is still rolling over Kingsville; souls at every meeting this week, excepting roll-call. Sunday, at Holiness meeting, the power came down and we got a baptism of the Holy Spirit. In the testimony meeting, a little lassie thirteen years of age sobbed and cried; a Soldier went and talked to her and she came to the mercy seat and got saved. Hallelujah! Tears flowed down many faces as she said, "I want to meet my dear mother in heaven." Afternoon meeting was the crowning time, the Holy Ghost swept over the hearts of the people. The crowd of redeemed souls on the platform was a sight angels might rejoice to look upon, as one after another testified to their redemption the feeling grew intense — some cried and some shouted. "Oh, the waters of Jordan may roll!" was sung with great effect—the people here can sing — the voices sounding like the rush of a mighty river swelling forth in praises to the great Jehovah. A brother said, "I came to Kingsville to find pleasure. Thank God I have got it right here" (laying his hand on his heart). Scores of others could say the same. The opportunity was given for those who wanted salvation to stand. One sister in the very back seat rose, then another —their husbands were saved in previous meetings—they came to the penitent-form, others followed, until eight precious souls were on their knees. Jesus saved them, and before they went home they testified to His pardoning mercy. The impression left by that meeting on the minds of those present won't be readily effaced. It was six o'clock before the meeting closed. Back again at 7:30 for a march, and 80 of us went through the pouring rain while God poured His spirit right into our hearts. The audience was not as large as in the afternoon, but *God was there*. At the close one brother, who had asked our prayers in the afternoon, yielded, and came out; then two others followed, and as the comrades were calling on God to deliver them, the brother who first came broke out with tears and cries to God for mercy—as no doubt the blind man cried when Jesus was passing by—as he realized his lost condition he fairly shrieked. The audience was awed into silence at the sound of a soul in distress We, for a moment, had some conception of the bitter agonizing of those who will pray when *too late*. Jesus heard the penitents' prayer, light dawned, and they were saved. The three rose and praised God. A Christian friend requested that the meeting be opened for ten minutes' testimony meeting. We had a regular hallelujah wind-up. Many thanked God that their sons, daughters, cousins, uncles, and aunts were saved and on the platform. Some declared their determination to "stick to the noisy crow." Bless God, whole families, father, mother, and children, have been saved lately. Closed the week with 27 souls and 5 prodigals in the fountain. Fire a volley!

AMEN!!

Capt. Wilson.

To the Distressed.

The Salvation Army invites parents, relations, and friends in any part of the world interested in any woman or girl in Canada who is known, or feared to be, living in immorality, or is in danger of coming under the control of immoral persons, to write stating full particulars with names, dates, and address of all concerned, and if possible a photograph of the person in whom the interest is taken.

All letters whether from these persons, or from *such women or girls themselves* will be regarded as strictly confidential. They may be written in any language, and should be addressed to Commissioner Coombs, Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ont.

* * *

L'Armée du Salut invite les parents ou les amis en tous pays, s'intéressant à quelque jeune fille ou femme au Canada vivant dans l'immoralité, ou que l'on aurait des raisons de croire en danger de tomber entre les mains ou sous l'influence de personnes immorales, d'écrire avec autant de détails que possible à l'adresse ci-jointe, donnant l'âge, les noms, et l'adresse de la personne intéressée; joindre si possible la photographie. On peut écrire en quelque language que ce soit. Les lettres de cette nature seront considérées comme strictement privées et doivent être adressées au Commissaire Coombs, Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ont.

* * *

Die Heils Armee in Canada macht Verwandte und Freunde von Frauen oder Mädchen die ein unsittliches Leben führen oder von denen man solches befürchtet oder die in Gefahr sind unter control unsittlicher personen zu kommen, darauf aufmerksam, dass so bald wie möglich ein allgemeines informations bureau eröffnet wird, an welches man schreiben kann mit angabe von namen portrait und aller weitern nothwendigen Auskunft betreffs Frauen oder Mädchen über die man sich erkundigen will.

Alle Briefe von Verwandten oder Frauen oder Mädchen die sich in Solcher Lage befinden werden als durchaus vertraulich betrachtet sollen an Commissioner Coombs, Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ontario, adressirt sein.

* * *

L' Esercito della Salvezza invita i genitori, i parenti e gli amici di qualsiasi parte del mondo, interessati in donna o giovinetta in Canadà, che sappiano o temano vivere nell' immoralità o nel pericolo di cadere sotto l' influenza e nel controllo di persone immorali, di scrivere al Quartiere Generale, dando tutti i dettagli possibili, con nomi, date ed indirizzi delle persone implicate. Tutte le lettere delle persone interessate, *o di tal donna o giovinetta in questione,* saranno considerate private e di confidenza assoluta, e possono scriversi in qualsiasi lingua, indirizzate allo Commissario Coombs, Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ont.

LARGE STOCK OF TIMBRELS, BANDS FOR hats or bonnets, badges, Soldiers' regulation braid, uniforms, etc., at Headquarters. Every one send orders at once.

MEN'S RED JERSEYS. Owing to increase in price of wool we have been obliged to raise the price of Jerseys to $1.50. A stock now on hand.

WANTED AT ONCE.

GOOD SHORTHAND WRITER. Must be a Salvationist. One that can do verbatim reporting and is willing to use his talent for God's glory behind the scenes. Send application with photo and references to the COMMISSIONER, Salvation Temple, Toronto.

Donations Received For The Rescue Home.

We beg to acknowledge with sincere thanks the following donations:—A Friend.—2 Bedsteads, 3 Mattresses, 3 Pillow-slips, 3 Sheets, 2 Blankets, 2 Quilts.

Also a parcel of clothing from another Friend.

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FOR 1886

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IF YOU ARE A TRUE SOLDIER WHY TRIM your dress and ulster with tony buttons when you can secure at Headquarters proper Blood Fire bone buttons with S. on each for [illegible] cents per dozen. Brass buttons for Men's Tunics 35 cents per dozen.

FOR GERMANY—WANTED—PROPERLY saved German speaking Salvation Soldiers to volunteer for the battlefield in Germany. Send in your application to the COMMISSIONER, Headquarters.

NOTICE TO BANDMASTERS AND OTHERS. We are making arrangements to have a continual stock of all new Band Journal Music, as published, so that all our bands will be able to play the same harmonized pieces. Write to Headquarters for List.

PREJUDICE AND MISUNDERSTANDING HAS been repeatedly swept away from the minds of many through reading "Twenty-one years Salvation Army," when sent as a present by some sensible friend to the prejudiced one. This book is written by a man who understands his business—Commissioner Railton. Paper, 35 cents; cloth boards, 50 cents.

DO YOU WANT YOUR BROTHER CONVERTED? The stirring, sticking truths in Mrs. Booth's book "Life and Death," have a wonderful effect upon the unconverted. Paper, 35 cents; cloth, 50 cents.

DO YOU WANT TO LIVE HOLY? READ and study what the Army teaches on Sanctification. Price, 5 cents; written by the General.

TO CANDIDATES! EVERY CANDIDATE must read carefully through the "Doctrines and Disciplines of the Salvation Army," and bring a copy with you upon entering the Training Home. Price, 15 cents.

TO MOTHERS AND FATHERS! YOU CANNOT beat the General's advice if you wish to train your children properly. He knows all about it. See what he says in "The Training of Children." Limp cloth, 75 cents; extra cloth boards, gold lettered, red edges, $1.00

SPECIAL LINE TO SISTERS.—We can now supply for dresses, Indigo Victoria Serges of a very superior quality; 32 inches wide. Only 35c. per yard.

JUST PRINTED.

A new and Revised Edition of the Pamphlet

"ALL ABOUT THE SALVATION ARMY."

This book is calculated to remove ignorance, prejudice, and misunderstanding about the Army methods and organization. It should be read by every soldier who is interested in the welfare of the Army. Price 5 cents.

Household & Barracks Decorations

REAL BLOOD AND FIRE MOTTOS.

Beautiful designs and colors for the walls of houses or barracks, can be obtained at Headquarters at the rate of two for five cents. Size 18 x 6.

TO BANDSMEN.

We have now in stock a supply of Music Binders expressly made to hold the Salvation Army Brass Band Journal. They contain stubs of linen to hold the Music. Price 25 cents each.

NOTICE TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

All matter for insertion in the War Cry should be addressed to the "Editor" Salvation Temple Toronto. It must be written in ink, and on one side of the paper only; and in every case must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not for insertion, but as evidence of good faith.

N.B.—Written manuscript for printers' use, can be sent by post at the reduced rate of one cent per half ounce, if the ends are open and the package marked "PRINTERS COPY," on the address.

RANK.	NAME.	CORPS.	NO.
Pte.	Davis	Fredericton	170
Lieut.	Hartney	Belleville	185
Cadet	Mitchell	Toronto I	123
Capt	Leonhard	Amherstb'gh	103
Sergt.	Dixon	Toronto VI.	80
Lieut.	Fry	Windsor	80
Cadet	Currell	Peterboro	60
Cadet	Cornell	"	55
Cadet	Crossett	Wiarton	55
Cadet	Cont	Toronto I	56
Pte.	C. Pope	Quebec II.	50
Pte.	C. McKaldie		50
Pte.	Baker	Napanee	50
Pte.	M. Morton	"	50

COMING EVENTS

TORONTO DIVISION.

Staff-Capt. Morris, D. O.

—AND—

SPECIAL LEWIS.

SPECIAL TOUR.

" 26, 27, 28—OSHAWA—Banquet, Jubilee, etc.
March 1—HAMPTON—Special Meetings.
" 2—INNISKILLEN— "
" 3—KENDAL— Jubilee
" 4—ORONO— "
" 5—NEWCASTLE— "
" 6—BOWMANVILLE—Special Meetings.
" 7—WHITBY— "
" 8—PICKERING— "

THE DIVISION FOR JESUS.

STAFF-CAPT. BAILEY,

MILITARY SECRETARY,

WILL VISIT THE FOLLOWING CORPS AS UNDER:—

GRAVENHURST ANNIVERSARY,
February 26th, 27th, and 28th.

ORANGEVILLE ANNIVERSARY.
Mar. 5th., 6th., and 7th.

BARRIE DIVISION.

THE PROPHETESS (Holy Ann)

—THE—

Hallelujah Trumpeter,

—AND—

ADJUTANT SWEETMAN

HOLD SPECIAL

SALVATION MEETINGS

AS UNDER:—

Coldwater.... Friday, Sat. and Sun., Feb. 25, 26, 27.
Barrie ....Monday, " 28, Mar 1
Stayner......Wednesday and Thur. March 2, 3.
Collingwood...Fri., Sat. and Sun. " 4, 5, 6.
Creemore ......Monday and Tues. " 7, 8.
Meaford.........Wednesday and Thur. " 9, 10.
Thornbury.....Fri., Sat., and Sun. " 11, 12, 13.

Look out for Lively Times!!

LONDON DIVISION.

STAFF-CAPT. BURCHET, D. O.
AND WIFE,
ON THEIR WELCOME TOUR.

Strathroy—Salvation meetings— Feb 26 27
Lucan—Jubilee— 28.
Ailsa Craig—Jubilee— Mar. 1.
Thedford—Hosannah Meeting— " 2.
Forest— " 3.
London—Holiness Meeting— " 4.

CHATHAM DIVISION.

ADJUTANT EVANS.

WILL VISIT

Seabury—Jubilee and Salvation Meetings—February 26, 27, 28.
Bothwell—Officers' Council and Banquet, etc.—March 1, 2.

PALMERSTON DIVISION

MAJOR GLOVER
ADJUTANT (HAPPY BILL)
AND MRS. COOPER,

Are on the rampage and will stir up the devil and strengthen the saints as under:—

Kincardine—Great Banquet, Salvation and Temperance Meetings— Feb. 26, 27, 28
Harriston—Birthday Party— March 1
Palmerston—Holiness Meeting— " 4.
Brussels—Banquet and General Racket— " 5, 6, 7.

We'll fight and pray and never stop,
The Lord will lay the fire on
We'll sit and rest at Jesus' feet
When the devil's in Lake Huron.

MONTREAL DIVISION.

ADJUTANT VANALLEN

Assisted by Officers of the Division will visit the Corps and conduct great meetings at

WATERLOO—Jubilee, &c.,.......March 1st
SHERBROOKE {Council of War and Hosannah meeting} " 3rd
COATICOOKE—Jubilee............ " 4th

OTTAWA DIVISION.

ADJUTANT McHARDY

Will visit all the Corps of the Division for Two Days Special Holiness and Salvation Meetings. For dates see local announcements.

MISSING.

JOHN J. FIFE, who left Clanderby eight years ago. His family, now residing at Oshawa are enquiring for him, and would be glad if anybody could give any information of his whereabouts. Address Capt. Gage, Box 250, Oshawa.

EDITH MARY COMMIN, age 16, height about 5 feet 0, full features, dark; hair cut short, dark scar on side left eye. Last seen Saturday, Nov. 27, then wore long black dress, black felt hat, cloth cape; supposed now to be in neighborhood of Parkdale. Her father will be pleased to hear from and welcome her home again. Any information please give to STAFF-CAPT. BAILEY, The Temple, Toronto.

THOMAS BRYANT, formerly of Woolwich, England. Last heard of in Coaticooke, Canada. Has been in Canada about eight years, and was a butler in a gentleman's family there. Ralph Bryant, his brother, would be glad to hear from him. Address A.D.C. BRYANT, 1010 New Jersey Avenue, Washington, D.C., U.S.

HENRY FRANCIS DRAKE, who left Toronto eight years ago. His family are inquiring for him. Please write to Staff-Capt. Bailey, Salvation Temple, Toronto.

Enquiry is made for Mrs. Fisher, a blind woman supposed to be a Soldier in the Canadian Army. It will be to her advantage to communicate with Staff-Captain Bailey, Headquarters, Toronto.

Will DAVID HOLDER VICKERS, write to his mother to the same address as when he left England. 3 Day Street, Bootle. If he thinks his mother would not notice him because he had married, he is mistaken. If he will write home at once he will get full particulars.

MARK CASTLE, who left Witherney, Yorkshire, England, in October, 1870, is requested to communicate with STAFF CAPT MORRIS, Salvation Army Temple, Toronto, where he will receive good news.

WILLIAM VERRS, late of Brighton, England, is earnestly requested to communicate with his father or sisters. They are anxious to hear from him, if living. Address Middle Street, Brighton, England.

SPECIAL TO THE CURIOUS! IF YOU WISH to know what are our politics, you can find out by reading the General's Letters. Price 35 cents; extra cloth boards, gilt, 60 cents.

The Little Soldier — ONE CENT PER COPY, 50 cents per annum, published by THOMAS B. COOMBS, Commissioner of the Salvation army in Canada, at the Headquarters, and printed at 42 Richmond Street west, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

BRITISH COLUMBIA AND THE NORTH-West Territory—Wanted at once, Officers to volunteer for the work in these Provinces. Write the Commissioner Dominion Headquarters, Toronto.

"EN AVANT!"

Journal français de l'Armée du Salut contenant les dernières nouvelles de la guerre du Salut en France, Suisse et Iles de la Manche paraissant chaque semaine.

Prix de l'abonnement $2.00 par an ou 5 cts le numero.

Les souscripteurs pour "En Avant," voudront bien envoyer l'argent, aussi que leur adresse exacte au

COMMISSAIRE,
Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ont.

UNIFORM DEPARTMENT — Arrangements have been made for the re-establishment and perfecting of the above department. Uniforms for Officers and Soldiers, pants, tunics, overcoats, etc., in all materials of the proper regulation cut will be sold upon the following cash terms: Uniform suits from $15 upwards, overcoats from $15 upwards, Lasses' ulsters $7 upwards. Price lists, samples, directions for self-measurement, etc., will be supplied on application to COMMISSIONER UNIFORM DEPT., Dominion Headquarters, Toronto.

N.B.—Capt. Walton has been placed in charge of this Department.

HONOR ROLL

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Officers are again requested to send all names for Honor Roll upon a separate slip of paper, and to be careful to put both the name of the Corps and to sign their name and rank at the foot. Numbers of names are lost every week because this simple rule is not complied with. All names written on the backs of reports, order slips, and financial returns, as well as in private letters will henceforth be disregarded.

Noon-Day Prayer Meeting

IN THE

Temple Basement.

Conducted by members of the Staff and City officers. Everybody is invited to attend.

THE WAR CRY

5 Cents Weekly, by post to any address, per annum, $1.75.

CONTAINS ALL THE LATEST NEWS OF the war, with original articles by the General, Mrs Booth, and Addresses and Songs by the Officers and Soldiers. There is no more effectual way to spread Salvation than by increasing the circulation of **THE WAR CRY** which is calculated not merely to sustain and intensify the devotion of The Army, but to arouse all who read it to a more self-sacrificing and energetic attack upon the kingdom of the wicked one, and the most confident efforts to extend the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Printed and published at the Salvation Army printing works, 49 Richmond Street West, Toronto, Ont.